

THE  
LOYAL  
GENERAL,  
A  
TRAGEDY.  
ACTED at the  
Duke's Theatre

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WRITTEN  
By N. TATE.

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L O N D O N,

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JOYAL

GENERAL

TRAGEDY.

ACTED at the

Duke's Theatre

BY N. T. ...

LONDON.

T O  
Edward Tayler  
E S Q;



HAT I interrupt your Retirement with such a trifling Present (for even your Retirement is Busie) wou'd need an Appology with a Friend of more Ceremony and less good Humour. Your Judgment will set a value on *Poetry* from any Hand, and your Kindness dispense with the imperfect *Essays* of a Friend. The general hard Censure of *Poetry*, and its Professors, has sometimes been the Subject of our *Discourse*, where amongst other Reflections, we have with some surprize, observ'd that none hold this *Art* in less esteem than your gravest Pretenders to Learning; but tax it on such an Account, as they, of all Men, should least insist upon. *Its Insignificancy to the World*, What can be easier than to recriminate in this Case? Will not impartial Censure prefer the Author of *Chevee-Chase* to the nicest Distinguisher in *Metaphysics*? What difference (as to publick benefit, between idle Speculations and the slightest Madrigalls, excepting that the former is a more Creditable Impertinence, and the Folly made Reverend with a Gown and Title,

In the mean time 'tis forgotten what *Aristotle*  
A 2 himself

himself ( even against his own Profession ) has declared in behalf of the Muses? *That Poetry (Tragedy in particular) is more effectual to instruct Mankind than Philosophy.* And ev'n Tully is Poetical in pleading for this Faculty: *Hæc Studia Adolescentiam alant, Senectutem oblectant, Secundas Res ornant, Adversis per fugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt Foris: pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rustlicantur.* And a little after, *Cæterarum rerum Studia, & Doctrinâ & Præceptis, & Arte constare, Poetam Naturâ ipsâ valere, mentis Viribus excitari, & quasi Divino quodam Spiritu afflari.*

'Tis an Error as groundless as Vulgar, to think that there goes no more to the furnishing a Poet, than a Wind-mill in the Head, a Stream of Fattle, and convenient Confidence; whereas no Exercise of the Soul requires a more compos'd Thought, more sparingness of Words, more Modesty and Caution in the Undertaker. To make an accomplished Poet, Nature in the first place inust do her best; she must give him the Faculties of Soul in Perfection, a Copious Invention, a Comprehensive Memory, a Nimble Wit to repair to this Store-house for Materials on all occasions, a Strict Discerning Judgment to censure this Choice, to give it just Expression, and in short, to square and finish what was wrought off in the Heat of Fancy. Nor is even this enough to constitute a Poet. Nature will not do his Business, he must have the Addition of Arts and Learning, be familiar with the Sciences, acquainted with the Intrigues of Courts, the Customs.



Customs and Constitutions of Nations, vers'd  
in their Languages, and read in the Histories  
of all Ages. His Knowledge must reach to the  
Policies of State, and descend even to Mecha-  
chanism; have insight into the meanest Myste-  
ries and Trades, because 'tis uncertain whi-  
ther his Subject will lead him; and he is to  
speak properly on all Occasions: nor are these  
Accomplishments above Humane Capacity, for  
they are every where conspicuous in the *Iliad*  
and the *Æneid*.

I am apt to think, that Expression of your be-  
loved *Horace*, the *Potestas quidlibet Audendi*,  
which he allows to Poets and Painters, was ra-  
ther a Proverb of his time than a Notion of his  
own; for he immediately lays this restraint  
upon't,

*Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes Avibus gementur, Tigribus Agni.*

There are some Beauties common to Poems  
of all sorts, and there are besides select Graces  
peculiar to every Species of Poësie; and these so  
distinct among themselves, that 'tis a question  
whether there ever was an Universal Poet. Ma-  
ny believe there can be no such, the various  
Temperament and Passion of the Poems (which  
must be as different in the mind of the Writer) be-  
ing inconsistent. *Virgil* may be urg'd on this Occasi-  
on, there being nothing softer than his *Ecclogues*,  
his *Tyrtus*, his *Alexis*, his *Gallus*; nothing loftier  
than his *Æneid*: yet even in these Pastorals you  
will

will find the Heroick turn of his Verse, and the Air of a Muse, too Majestick to be disguis'd amongst the Nymphs of the Plain.

---

*Illa Pharetram*

*Fert humero, gradinsque Deas Supereminet Omnes.*

The greatest Labour of the Muses is by some thought a Task of Ease, whereas there is no Poem of the lowest Degree, that is perfect in kind, but must have such a Symetry in the whole, and so many Proprieties beside, which the Author must have regard to; the *Lucidus*, *Ordo*, *Series & Junctura*, and the *Felix Operis Summa*, exacted by *Horace*, that the Undertaker will find even a good *Eligy* or *Epigram*, a Work of weight. What more difficult than to steer amongst such Shelves, where the avoiding an Error is a ready way to commit one.

*In vitium ducit Culpæ fuga.*

This great Poet and Critique will have even the *Debentia dici*, sometimes omitted, to secure the justness of the Poem; and yet he will tell ye that

*Non satis est Pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.*

Where by *Pulchra* I suppose he means Exact, and by *Dulcia*, Diverting and Aery. As in good Painting, where the Colours must be neither Dead nor Gawdy.

For distinction of Characters he has given us Rule and Examples in the same Verses, and drawn in little, what can never be more fully express in large.

*Itererit*

*Intererit Multum, Davusne loquatur, an Eros  
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa  
Fervidus, an Matrona potens, an sedula Nutrix.*

Where every single Epithite distinguishes the Person and makes it a Character.

You have sometimes ask'd my Opinion to what sort of Poetry I would give the Preheminence? And will possibly expect some account at this time. I suppose the Question can be only betwixt the *Epic* and *Tragedy*. The end that is pursu'd by both, I conceive to be the same (for the later Designs the Instruction even of Princes, as well as the former; (and no Monarch was ever too great to be represented on the Stage) but I will not take upon me to determine which is most effectual for that end. If you will have my imperfect thoughts, I conceive 'em too nearly related to make different *Species*; and find our learned *Laureat* content

\* *Præf. to the* to have one of his \* *Sprightliest Tra-*  
*Conqu. of* *gedies*, call'd an *Epic Poem.*  
*Granada.*

I cannot forget the strong desire I have heard you express to see the Common Places of our *Shakespear*, compar'd with the most famous of the Ancients. This indeed were a Task worthy the greatest Critique. Our Learned *Hales* was wont to assert, That since the time of *Orpheus* and the Oldest Poets, no Common Place has been touch'd upon, where our Author has not perform'd as well. Our *Laureat* has  
thrown

thrown in his Testimony, and declar'd, \* That  
\* Essay on *Shakespear* was a Man that of all Men  
Dram. Poc. had the largest and most comprehen-  
sive Soul.

What I have already asserted concerning the  
necessity of Learning to make a compleat Poet,  
may seem inconsistent with my Reverence for our  
*Shakespear*.

— *Cujus amor semper mihi crescit in Horas.*

I confess I cou'd never yet get a true account of  
his Learning, and am apt to think it more than  
Common Report allows him. I am sure he never  
touches on a Roman Story, but the Persons, the  
Passages, the Manners, the Circumstances, the Ce-  
remonies, all are Roman. And what Relishes yet  
of a more exact Knowledge, you do not only see  
a Roman in his Heroe, but the particular Genius  
of the Man, without the least mistake of his Cha-  
racter, given him by their best Historians. You find  
his *Anthony* in all the Defects and Excellencies of  
his Mind, a Souldier, a Reveller, Amorous, some-  
times Rash, sometimes Considerate, with all the va-  
rious Emotions of his Mind. His *Brutus* agen has  
all the Constancy, Gravity, Morality, Generosity,  
Imaginable, without the least Mixture of pri-  
vate Interest or Irregular Passion. He is true  
to him, even in the imitation of his Oratory, the  
famous Speech which he makes him deliver, being  
exactly agreeable to his manner of expressing him-  
self; of which we have this account, *Facultas ejus*  
erat

*erat Militaris & Bellicis accommodata Tumultibus.*

But however it far'd with our Author for Book-Learning, 'tis evident that no man was better studied in Men and Things, the most useful Knowledge for a *Dramatic Writer*. He was a most diligent Spie upon Nature, trac'd her through her darkeſt Recesses, pictur'd her in her just Proportion and Colours; in which Variety 'tis impossible that all shou'd be equally pleasant, 'tis sufficient that all be proper.

Of his absolute Command of the Passions, and Mastery in distinguishing of Characters, you have a perfect Account in that most excellent Criticism before, *Troilus and Cressida*: If any Man be a lover of *Shakespear* and covet his Picture, there you have him drawn to the Life; but for the Eternal Plenty of his Wit on the same Theam, I will only detain you with a few instances of his Reflections on the Person, and Cruel Practices of *Richard the Third*. First of all *Henry the Sixth* bespeaks him in these words:

*The Owl shriekt at thy Birth, an evil sign,  
Dogs howl'd and hideous Tempests shook down Trees,  
The Raven rookt her on the Chymneys Topp,  
And chat'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung;  
Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers Pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a Mothers hope;  
An indigested Lump, &c.*

*Richard* afterwards makes as bold with himself, where this is part of his Soliloque.



*Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.  
I that in this weak piping time of Peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to view my Shadow in the Sun,  
And descant on my own Deformity.*

Queen Margaret cannot hear him mention'd  
without a new stream of Satyr.

*A Hell-bound that doth Hunt us all to Death,  
That Dog that had his Teeth before his Eyes,  
To worry Lambs and lap their gentle Blood, &c.*  
And never meets him but she presents him with  
his Picture;

*Hells black Intelligencer,  
Their Factour to buy Souls and send 'em thither.*  
And again,

*Thou elfish markt abortive Monster,  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity,  
The Slave of Nature and the Son of Hell.  
Thou slander of thy heavy Mothers Womb.*

With very many other Taunts to the same purpose.

It cannot be deny'd but he is often insipid  
where he is careless, many Things he wrote in  
hurry; but for his more elaborate Scenes, what  
Cicero spoke of the Writings of Archias, will hold  
good. *Quæ verò accuratè Cogitatæque scripsisset,  
ad veterum Scriptorum Laudem pervenerunt.*

PR O-



# PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

**I**F yet there be a few that take delight  
In that which reasonable Men should write;  
To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.  
The Rest may satisfy their curious-Itch  
With City Gazets or some Faction's Speech,  
Or what-ere Libel for the Publick Good,  
Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and Blood!  
Remove your Benches you apostate Pit,  
And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit;  
Go back to your dear Dancing on the Rope,  
Or see what's worse the Devil and the Pope!  
The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,  
Methinks resemble the distracted Age;  
Noise, Madnes, all unreasonable Things,  
That strike at Sense as Rebels do at Kings!  
The stile of Forty One. our Poets write,  
And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.  
Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,  
That 'tis almost grown Scandalous to Take!  
They talk of Favours that infect the Brains,  
But Non-sence is the new Disease that reigns.  
Weak Stomacks with a long Disease oppress,  
Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest:  
Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye choose,  
Decoctions of a Barly-water Muse:  
A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,  
Unless it were a very tender Chick.  
Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,  
Those wou'd go down; some Love that's poach'd in Rime;  
If these shou'd fail ———  
We must lie down, and after all our cost,  
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost,  
Whilst you turn Players on the Worlds great Stage,  
And Act your selves the Farce of your own Age.      The

# The Persons.

*King*  
*Theocrinus*  
*Theron* }  
*Diphilus* }  
*Escalus*  
*Pisander*  
*Abardanes*  
*Sossacles*

*Queen*  
*Arviola*  
*Edraſte*  
*Myrrhoe*

*Mr. Harris.*  
*Mr. Betterton.*  
*Mr. Norris.*  
*Mr. Gillo.*  
*Mr. Jevan.*  
*Mr. Bowman.*  
*Mr. Jo. Williams.*  
*Mr. Williams.*

*Mrs. Curren.*  
*Mrs. Lee.*  
*Mrs. Price.*

*Messengers, Priests, &c.*

SCENE GREECE.

( I )

T H E

# Loyal General, A T R A G E D Y.

ACT. I. SCENE *The Palace.*

*Escalus and Pisander.*

*Pis.* **T** Is certain then the Armies joyn'd this Morn'  
*Efc.* There's no Intelligence from either Camp,  
But by the joynt Report of Cottagers,  
That from the Mountains viewed the distant Fray.  
The Rebels have the Royal Troops in chase,

Whose broken Squadrons make a Flying Fight,  
And much disdain to the Woods Retr eat.

*Pis.* They were the Kings last stake.

*Efc.* This is the day

That crowns the hopes of our designing Queen,  
Or sinks her Projects ever; for if now  
The Rebels prove the Masters of the Field,  
Conqu'ring *Argaleon* strait Usurps the Throne,  
And Weds *Edrasfe* Partner of his Pow'r.

*Pis.* The Slaughter of the Field will scarce suffice,  
Or effect an Enterprize so great and dangerous;  
To finish it, the Princes too must Bleed.

*Efc.* *Edrasfe* through their Blood to Empire fails,  
And we the Pilots hir'd to steer her thither.  
The Queen to serve her high Designs preferr'd us  
To the Dignity we hold, and dearly made  
Our Loyalty the Price of our Preferment.

*Pis.* When with bright Honours to her Plots she drew me,

B

I

I snatcht at the rich Wages, and ne'er weigh'd  
The dangerous Task ; -- but I recant too late,  
I'm sold to her Commands, and must perform.  
*Efc.* Soft, *Theron* comes.

*Enter Theron.*

*Ther.* Unhappy Greece ! *Escalus, Pisander !*

*Efc.* There's Terror in that Voice ; how fares the King ?

*Pis.* How brooks he the suppos'd Defeat ?

*Ther.* So various are the Transports of his Rage,  
That with each minute his Resolves are chang'd :  
Sometimes defies aloud the Rebel Pow'rs,  
Threatning swift Vengeance ; then despairs agen,  
And cries all's lost, the Fates are Factious too !  
Thus tost with Doubts, and starting from his Chair  
He grasps his Scepter, cries I have thee still ;  
Nor shall the Furies wrest thee : then o'th' sudden  
Disdaining casts it from him ; thou'rt a Serpent,  
Away infectious Rod, thou fir'st my Hand.

*Efc.* The Kings last hopes depend on your Sage Councils ;  
Say, what will you advise in these extreams ?

*Ther.* The growing ill past Cure he neglected,  
And now blames his Physicians want of Skill ;  
Because we cannot from the Dead restore.  
I'll haste, and with dissembled hopes support  
His drooping Spirits, and prevent Despair ;  
Which yet in my own Breast I cannot quell.

[*Exit*]

*Efc.* How temperate is this Politician grown !  
The publique Troubles seem t' afflict him now,  
Though most industrious once t' embroil a State  
In Civil Jars ; till Ages Winter chill'd  
His Factious Blood, congealed his working Brain ;  
And now the Dotard's Loyal for his Ease.

*Enter the Queen with Letters.*

*Qu.* See, Lords, th' Intelligence of Conquerors,  
Like Victory comes wing'd : the King as yet  
Has no Particulars o'th' Fight,  
Whil't from *Argaleon's* Camp I am inform'd  
That in the general Rout and hot Pursuit  
O'th' Royal Forces, both the Princes fell :  
Now then *Arviola* alone remains

The

## *The Loyal General.*

The Obstacle of my *Edrasfe's* Glory.

*Efc.* We are your Creaturcs, Madam, by your Favour  
Possess the height of Dignity we hold.

*Pis.* And thou'd be proud to perish in your Service.

*Qu.* Experience, *Efcalus*, has prov'd your Truth;

And for *Pisander*, my new Servant (in  
His Sparkling Eyes, his active Zeal I read)

I dare pronounce him resolute and bold,

By Nature form'd t' engage in glorious Ills;

T' embark in a rough Sea of Court-Designs,

And share the Fortunes of a Plotting Queen.

*Efc.* New Servant, Hell! New Favourite, she meant.

Ah *Myrrhoe*, thy Conjecture's true, I am

Supplanted by this Partner of my Projects;

Dull that I was, not to suspect before:

'Twas not to serve her Pride but Lust, she drew

This new Confed'rate in; and judg'd his years

More fit t' advise of such Affairs than mine.

*Qu.* Conqu'ring *Argaleon* now will soon advance

With all his Pow'r, and close besiege these Walls;

The Fort is in your hand —

[ To *Efc.* ]

*Enter Edrasfe.*

Come near *Edrasfe*;

I travel with thy Fate in greater Pangs

Than when my Womb unwillingly resign'd

The Treasure of thy Beauties to the Light.

*Edr.* The Life you gave, I offer at your Feet:

By my dear Father's shade 'tis nobler far

To die forlorn, than by your Guilt to Reign.

Your Life, which I, of all things hold most dear,

You prodigally stake to win for me

A Crown, which I of all things least esteem.

My private Cares alas! have too much weight

For my weak Mind to bear; how can I then

Sustain the Troubles that infest a Throne.

*Qu.* Could I give Being to a thing so Tame!

Rouse, rouse, thy self, *Edrasfe*, nor permit

My active Blood to freeze within thy Veins;

If thou want'st Heat, come, to my Bosom fly,

For I have yet enough of Warmth to spare.

*Edr.* The rightful Crown at best uneasy sits,

But sinks the crusht Usurper to the Ground.

*Qu.* These Thoughts wou'd more beset the Cell than Court.



*The Loyal General.*

*Edr.* Tome there is no Palace like a Cell.

*Qu.* What serves the Cloyster for, but last Retreats  
To such as have without success aspir'd;  
Where having fail'd of glorious Action, they  
Hush froward Age with the dull Joys of Ease.

*Edr.* Heav'n has been pleas'd t' indulge my humble Thoughts,  
Giv'n Heirs to th' Crown, which you wou'd wrest for me;  
And I must hold it in two Princes Wrongs,  
Both grac'd with Royal Gifts and form'd to Reign.

*Qu.* Suppose these Lets remov'd, the Princes dead?

*Edr.* *Arviola*, their Sister then succeeds.

*Arviola*, to whom I have sworn Friendship.

*Arviola*, that loves me as you do.

*Qu.* Fond Girl, 'twas to your Loss you did contract  
That Friendship, and must conceal it or perish.

*Edr.* I but comply'd, in this, with your Commands,  
You charg'd me love her.

*Qu.* To dissemble love,

As I pretend Affection to the King,  
And counterfeit so well, 'tis real thought.

*Edr.* O Heav'n!

*Qu.* *Arviola* comes, prepare,  
And practise Artfully.

[*Ex. Queen, Esc. Pis.*]

*Edr.* Instruct my Vertue Heav'n in these Extreame,  
I must unnat'ral or disloyal prove!  
Dissemble Friendship! O ye Pow'rs! Dissemble  
With the open-hearted true *Arviola*,  
That has not for her Foe one thought of Guil;  
Hard Mother! cruel Fate! most cruel Love,  
To watch the hour of my Distress, and then  
To wound a Heart so much oppress'd before!

*Enter Arviola, Myrrhoe.*

*Arv.* Disperse not *Myrrhoe*, my threat'ning Dream,  
The Scene presented both my Brothers slain;  
I saw their Royal Blood mixt with the stream  
Of Common Gore; then as my *Theocrin*  
Rusht on to Death; I started from my sleep  
And lost th' unfinished Vision — dear *Edraffe*.

*Edr.* Dearest *Arviola*!

*Arv.* I sought thee to redress my Griefs, and find thee  
As much oppress'd as I; 'tis some new Grief  
That now usurps thy Breast, and I suspect  
More Tyrannous than ever rag'd before.

*Edr.* Ah



*The Loyal General.*

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*Edr.* Ah Princess! in this tempest of Affairs,  
Nothing remains untroubled but our Friendship;  
All other things are from their Channel stray'd.

*Arv.* Yet since our Breasts are open to each other,  
Let the Storm drive, we have one Harbour sure;  
Heav'n so be-friend me as I love *Adraste*.

*Edr.* And were *Arviola* my happy Rival,  
I cou'd (I think) still prize her as I do  
Heav'n knows I flatter not, she is my Rival; [Aside.]  
Yet then my dearest hopes more dear!

*Arv.* Let's stop a while the current of our Tears,  
And piously dissembling our Dispair,  
Divert the pensive King; that Fate shou'd heap  
Upon his feeble Age such weighty Ills  
As Youth cou'd not sustain.

*Myr.* Th' event's uncertain; yet, the sudden storm  
As soon may scatter, and the Clouded King,  
Set glorious as the Rose.

*Arv.* Ah! *Myrrhoe*, thy Love wou'd flatter us,  
As ours impose on him.

[Ex. *Arv. Adraste*.]

*Enter Escalus.*

*Esc.* Stay *Myrrhoe*.

*Myr.* Now Brother you are sad.

*Esc.* Your late suspicion of the Queen proves true.  
I cease to please, and her regard to me  
Grows hourly Cold.

Whil'st all her kindness on *Pisander* streams.

*Myr.* Despond not Brother, there are Joys in Pow'r  
To Charm dull Age, when Beauty fails to please:  
If Love deserts you, bend henceforth your thoughts  
To Nobler Cares; convert that cunning now  
(That hitherto has so successful prov'd,  
I'th Queens designs) to your own Int'rest.

*Esc.* Good!

We'll watch the Fate of this tempestuous Realm,  
And make our Fortunes of the gen'ral wreck. [Exeunt.]

[Scene drawn, discovers the King sitting discontented,  
*Theron*, *Diphilus* on each side of the Chair.]

*King.* Why was my Life stretcht out to this black day?  
Death might have come long since, and found me ripe

With

With all my Honours flourishing round my Head:  
 But now to Winter blasts I'm left expos'd,  
 Stript of my Leaves, and with'ring on the Bough.  
*Argaleon* come, and press thy Conquest home.  
 This is our last Retreat, besiege us here,  
 Sack, Burn, Destroy, and finish my Disgrace.

*Ther.* Your suffering, Royal Sir, this Glory brings,  
 That from your goodness, your distresses sprang.  
 For having Conquer'd i'th' pitch'd Field (ensnar'd  
 By your own Vertue; which refus'd to spill  
 Your Subjects Blood) you treated with the Rebels,  
 Who su'd for Peace to keep your Forces hush'd,  
 Till with recruited Pow'r they might oppress you.

*Diph.* *Argaleon* rais'd by your too liberal Favour,  
 Seem'd ev'n to cope with you on even Ground;  
 And wanted but the Crown to match your Height.  
 Were you as quick to punish a Delinquent  
 As to reward the smallest Worth, your Throne  
 Had still been fixt,  
 And proud *Argaleon's* Blood.

*King.* Hold preaching Fool,  
 Too late your tedious Lectures you begin:  
 Where slept your Counsels whil'st these Mischiefs grew,  
 And might be ravish'd by the tender Rod;  
 Then you indulg'd my Ease, beheld my State  
 Float loose, whil'st I in soft Retirement slept;  
 Now rak'd me to the Helm, till the Storm fell.

*Enter Arv. Edrasfe.*

*Arv.* } Live Royal Sir.  
*Edr.* }

*King.* Look, I have Homage paid me! *Theron, Diphilus.*  
 Behold, two Princesses kneel at my Feet:  
 Ha! ha! speak Sirs, am I not yet a King?

*Ther.* } Most Sacred Sir —  
*Diph.* }

*King.* 'Tis false, ye Sycophants, I was a King,  
 A prosperous Majesty;  
 But now my Empire shakes,  
 Opprest with its own weight.  
 Th' unwieldy State falls on the Founders Head. [*Enter the Queen.*]  
 The Queen! must She be conscious too of my Disgrace!  
 O *Aribell*, How is my Fate relaps'd  
 Since first we met? Those Lawrels now are blasted

Which

Which in my Myrtle Wreath I did insert.  
When I espoused thee, Triumphs grac'd our Hymn,  
And Captive Princes at our Nuptials serv'd.

Qu. Nay Sir, be just still, tho' unfortunate;  
Nor think the transitory Charms of Pow'r  
Endear'd you to this Breast; this is a season  
To excuse such active Love as mine,  
That like the Dolphin shews itself in Storms.

King. What Trumpet's that?

[Trumpet sounds.]

Ther. Att. A Souldier from the Camp.

Enter Messenger.

King. I read thy Message in thy drooping Brow,  
Thou bend'st beneath my Fate, hurl it on me,  
And crush me with the Burden; Thou hast Wounds,  
And may'st with Honour speak of Vanquishment.

Mess. Fly, Royal Sir, all's lost, O fly and save  
Our Empires dearer half, your Sacred Life:  
Nor think these Walls secure against the Shock  
Of Rebels, with Infernal Rage possess'd;  
Your strongest Fence, your Loyal Old Battalions;  
Taught by your self to Conquer, in Pitch Field  
Are by these Troops of Furies driv'n and scatter'd;  
And what I fear will shake your Temper most,  
Your Royal Sons, by whom our Wings were led,  
Turn'd in the Chase to oppose th' unequal Foe  
Till spent, on Heaps of slaughter'd Files they fell.

King. My Sons both slain, my Legions too o'rthrown;  
My Sons, my flourishing Branches both lapt off,  
And I the useless Trunk left standing yet  
For Passengers to descant on my shame:  
Send me consuming Lightnings Earth divide;  
Till thy unfathom'd Centre be my Grave;  
Nature her self should Shake when Princes Fall.

Ther. Dread Sir, restrain this Transport, and resume  
Your Reason now in your extreamest Need.

Mess. Lord Theocrin, who in the Fight perform'd  
What the Beholders scarce believed (and must  
Despair of Credit when they shall relate)  
Gather'd our scattered Stray, a poor Remain,  
That scarce a Limb of the Old Body seem;  
Which in the Clifts he posted, where they hold  
Spight of the Foe, that scale the Rock in vain.

King. 'Twas well perform'd, we'll march to their Relief;

Get

*The Loyal General.*

Get me new Forces rais'd, a sudden Host,  
Like that which sprung from the dire Serpents Teeth:  
Arm'd with Necessity and steel'd with Wrongs,  
We'll rush at once on these fierce Savages,  
And ravish from their Mouths the panting Prey.

*Diph.* Forgive me, Sacred Sir, that I dissuade  
Your Fury from unfeazable Designs.  
You must create the Forces you wou'd levy.  
Your Loyal Cities, your thin Fields to fill,  
Long since were glean'd; the rigid Press scarce spar'd  
Decrepid Age, and weeping Infancy.

*King.* Peace Dotard, hast thou worn thy Sable Locks,  
To wither'd Gray, and even that Gray to Baldness.  
And art thou still contriving to Inch out  
Inspid Life? the gen'ral fright shou'd cure  
Your Agues, and ferment your freezing Bloods:  
Hast and Proclaim our Will, lest all our Males,  
From lisping Infancy, to Bed-rid Age.  
Set free th'imprison'd, bid the Sick discharge  
Their Maladies, the Storm comes thundring on,  
And in our sinking State all hands must work.

*Qu.* The Good Old Man, that like an Infant slept  
Till now, at last wakes froward; let him Brawl,  
He'll quickly Rage himself asleep agen.

*King.* Be it further publisht, to enflame our Youth,  
That yet survive from the Consuming War.  
If any dare so far tempt glorious danger,  
To force the Enemies Ward, and bear away  
Th' Arch-Rebels Head by our last hopes I swear;  
My Crown, and fair *Arviola* are his:  
Empire and Beauty, Valour's Noblest Prize.  
Our self in Person will Command and Dazle  
The factious Host with full-beam'd Majesty:  
Thus your Ag'd Monarch draws his Vengeful Sword.  
Our Flame shall snatch the Foe that thinks us Cold,  
There's none destroys like Time, and none so Old. [ *Exeunt.* ]

ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE, A Pleasant Grotto.

Pisander brought in by an Attendant.

Att. **H**ither the Queen enjoyn'd me to Conduct  
you,  
And you must wait her here :  
Pis. On What Concern?  
Att. My Charge was only to admit you  
hither,

Where none approach without her special Orders;  
And We, Th' Attendants on her Private Hours,  
Are sworn to strictest Secrecy. [Exit.]

Pis. Sure I am charm'd into an Extracie,  
And this a scene by Fancy's cunning form'd;  
Pictures of Nature drawn beyond the Life.  
Remove from hence, and the declining Year  
Looks sickly and deform'd; the wither'd Leaves  
In Search of the retreated Sap fall down,  
And from the Root seek what the Bough deny'd:  
But here the Summer blooms, in all its Pride,  
The Sun darts in with kindlier Warmth, the Winds  
Breath softer, and the Brook complains less loud.  
Hail blest Retreat of Nature happy Shade;

*Soft Musick.*

[Bower Opening discovers the Queen Splendid and  
youthfully Attir'd.]

My senses fail, this is some sacred Grove:  
And that the bright Divinity o' th' Place!  
Where are the Cupids that should hover round,  
I feel 'um here! th' are div'd into my Breast!  
Forgive me Goddess-----



*Qu.* You mistake, *Pisander*.

*Pis.* The Queen! forgive my dazled Eyes their Error!  
I come by your Command to know your Pleasure,  
And trust you judge so truly of my Zeal,  
To think me worth some Enterprize of danger.

*Qu.* Yes, you shall find how I esteem your Zeal,  
By the important Service I enjoyn,  
Indeed 'tis an Affair of so much weight,  
I know not how to word it—You must Guess,

*Pis.* Instruct me what I am to undertake,  
And if I fail t' attempt----

*Qu.* Alas!  
So bold t' engage, and slow to apprehend?  
How like Conspirators at their first Meeting,  
With caution we gaze silent on each other,  
Expecting who shall start the Business first!  
Since then I must speak first in the Design,  
Draw near and on my Hand swear Secrecy.

[*Pisander Bows and Kisses her Hand*]

Repeat your Vow---Oh Love! the quickning Touch, [*Aside.*]  
Through my pleas'd Veins, runs tingling to my Heart.

*Pis.* My Warmth is fled, I've sworn my Life away!  
My Soul cleaves to that Hand---

*Qu.* How soft is Youth!  
How soon dissolv'd into an Exstasy!

*Pisander* Rise---now sure you well can guess,  
For what I summon'd you to this Retirement!

*Pis.* I know it; you'd engage me to perform  
A dangerous Task, to blast the Kings Succession,  
And settle your *Edraffe* in the Throne;  
I'll do't.

*Qu.* Still you are wide of my Design,  
I'll Plot at leisure hours for my Ambition,  
But Love's my great Affair, th' important Business.  
Come, speak boldly Youth,  
Thy free Conjecture of these private Bowers,  
Where I so oft retire, while all is hush,  
Silent and close, as *Ceres's* awful Fane?

*Pis.* 'Tis said, that for Devotion you repair  
From the Court's Crow'd to these secluded Shades,  
Where you consume successive Nights and Days,  
In Abstinence and Penitential Tears.

*Qu.* Ha! ha! the World retains its old perverseness still,

To



## *The Loyal General.*

II

To scandalize the Verruous, and to Saint  
The Libertine; but 'tis no fault of mine,  
If Rumour will lay Vertue to my Charge!  
What, mar these Eyes with Penitential Tears,  
Fond Youth? They have too much of fire to weep.  
Their glances cou'd Create a Day in Cells,  
And kindle freezing Hermites into Dalliance.  
Why this Reserv'dness Sir? Has Majesty  
So little Charms? Or do's it a Splendour dazle?  
Then I'll divest me of my Royalty,  
And love upon the Square. Still fixt and senseless?  
*Pis.* Think not I have no sense of such full Bliss,  
But like Young Prophets from their Visions Waking;  
I fear to stir and loose the Charming Dream.

[*Shouts and Trumpets from without.*]

*Qu.* What means those Shouts?

*Pis.* Th' are Sounds of Triumph not of Terror.

*Enter Attendant hastily.*

*Att.* Lord *Escalus* in haste desires Admittance.

*Qu.* He comes unseasonably, but let him Enter.

*Pisander* hide a while within that Bower.

*Enter Escalus.*

*Ese.* Forgive me Madam, that with so much haste,  
I bring unwelcome News, our Plot's Defeated.  
The Subtle Web which with such Toil we wrought,  
Is quite unravell'd to the very Loom.

*Qu.* Dispatch, cut short the Story of my Fate.

*Ese.* *Argaleon's* Faction which with so much Cost  
And Secrecy, you nourisht to that Growth,  
That they cou'd grapple with the Kings whole Forces,  
Ev'n they, so late the Masters of the Field,  
Are now in shameful Rout disperst and broken, &  
And their bold Leader, on whose daring Vertue;  
Our Hopes depended, shares the Vulgar Fate,  
And Headless Bleeds amongst the Common Slain.

*Qu.* 'Tis false and shall not be.

*Ese.* 'Tis past already,

The Gods have your Resolves fore-stall'd.

*Qu.* Did they from Heav'n war with my Officer?

The Loyal Forces were cut off intire,

Except a Despicable Remnant posted

Ith' Cliffs by *Theocrin*.

*Etc.* From thence broke forth

The flame that thus laid waste *Argaleon's* Trenches.

For *Theocrin* by night forsook the Cliffs,

With his small Train, and Coasting wide Attaqu'd

*Argaleon's* Camp, with Shouts as of full Legions,

And Num'rous Trumpets to increase the Terror,

Which so prevail'd on the surprized Host,

(Confus'd, twixt Wine and Slumber) that at last

Half-arm'd they took themselves to general Flight,

And more oppress'd by their own Numbers fell

Than the Pursuers Swords.

*Qu.* Enough, Enough,

'Tis but an Army and a Project lost,

And Wee'll contrive anew,

Anon Expect my Orders to await me.

[*Exit.*]

*Etc.* So unconcern'd, so fill'd with her new Love,

T' Exclude the Darling of Her Brest Ambition?

Methought *Pisander* glanc'd by as I enter'd;

For his delight she's dect as she was wont,

When loose she wanton'd with my Vig'rous years;

On her young *Paramour* she shows her Favour,

Whil'st a Sapless Trunk neglected fades!

But Age that lessens me in her Esteem,

Has taught me Cunning timely to provide,

And seek elsewhere the Favour she denies.

[*Exit.*]

[*Scene changes to the Palace.*]

[*Shouts again.*]

*Enter King attended with Theron, Diphilus,*

*Arviola, Edraffe, Myrrhoe, &c.*

*King.* The Gods, the Gods at last, have own'd the Cause,

Of injur'd Majesty; We have o'come!

Summon the Priests to speedy Sacrifice,

Crown every Altar, heap the Spicy Piles,

Till the vast Fanes be hid in smoking Gums;

No Pensive Look profane the Gen'ral Joy,

Not Orphan'd Matrons be allow'd to Mourn:

Nor

Nor Virgins Widdow'd on their Bridal Day;  
*The.* When Young in the Rang'd Field you first appear'd,  
 You Charm'd Success, nor had She now forsook you;  
 But, like a Mistress with Discretion kind,  
 Withdrew a while till absence made her priz'd;  
 Then with Surprising Kindness met your Passion.

*Enter Theocrin, with Argaleon's Head, Chief  
 Officers of the Army following.*

[Shout again.]

*The.* Hail best of Kings! Fall ev'ry Traytors Head,  
 Like this, and Flourish all Crown'd Brows like yours.

[Kneels and lays the Head at the Kings Feet.]

The Savage that so long had Lawless Rang'd,  
 That slew our Youth, and laid our Vineyards Waste,  
 Lies Bloodless, now by this Successful Hand.

*King.* Rise *Theocrin*, Cast not to Ground, those Limbs,  
 That Cou'd support a Sinking Monarchy.  
 Now I am King indeed, my Shaken Throne  
 Again takes Root, and my Decaying Scepter  
 Buds in my Hand anew.

*Arviola, Edraffe*, both draw near.  
 And pay him with your own the Publick Thanks.

*Arv.* My Dearest *Theocrin*, how greedily  
 Do's my impatient Love snatch this Occasion  
 T' unlaid it self unseen into your Breast!

*The.* O my *Arviola*, I'm Lost in Joy!  
 I am too Blest! Indulgent Pow'rs restrain  
 The Flowing Bliss, or I shall Die of Rapture!

*King.* *Arviola* was proclaim'd the Prize of Valour  
 That brought *Argaleon's* Head: 'Tis *Theocrin's*,  
 Brave Youth, my Crown is Hers, and She is Thine;  
 Thou merriest Both: Though not from Kings descended,  
 Thou art by Vertue to the Gods Ally'd!

*The.* Your Goodness, Royal Sir, o're rates my Service;  
 What I perform'd, was but a Subjects Duty.  
 But Oh! I feel a warmth t' attempt such things,  
 As shall (if merri't sound not too prophane)  
 Deserve a Princess, and Oblige a King.

*King.* By all the Powers that sped thee in the Fight,  
 Thou art our Son, and this thy Nuptial Day.

Lo there thy Royal Bride, and too compleat  
Thy Happy Fortunes, Thou shalt Triumph too,  
*Bellona* once shall be with Myrtle Crown'd,  
And War's loud Voice in Rev'ling Musique drown'd.

[*Exeunt All but Edrasie.*]

*Edr.* Fortunate Princess, Happy *Arviola*,  
Forgive me if I Envy now ev'n Thee!  
How long have I been tost in Storms of Fate,  
And still the Tempest darkens round my Head.  
The restless Queen's Ambition still projects  
To Load my Temples with a Hated Crown,  
And to effect her Plot, *Arviola*  
Must bleed, and *Theocrin* be lost; to Him  
My secret Love long since I have devoted,  
To her long since my open Friendship sworn:  
Something I will perform in their behalf,  
Worthy the Chastest Love and Noblest Friendship;  
Far from the Court I'll wander in disguise,  
No matter where, for one distress'd like me,  
Can no where loose her way: When I'm remov'd,  
The Queen's Designs will rest, and *Theocrin*  
Possess *Arviola*, and the Crown in Peace:  
And I my self have all the sad Relief  
That my Forlorn Condition will admit,  
To Mourn retir'd in Caves and Gluts of Sorrow.

*Enter Myrrhoe.*

*Myrrh.* Madam the Princess begs your Presence:

*Edr.* No.

My Grievs will make me rude, and check her Mirth:

Thou *Myrrhoe* ever lov'dst me,

Now like a Dying Miser I'll reveal

A Secret, the dear Treasure of my Soul!

I love this *Theocrin* ev'n to Distraction:

And for his Quiet, and more private Reasons,

I will for ever hide me from the Court:

*Myrr.* Oh Heav'n th' Eternal Powers!

*Edr.* Make no Reply,

But Treasure still this Secret in thy Breast:

For by th' Eternal Powers you meant to invoke,

I am resolv'd, and if prevented, swear

To

*The Loyal General.*

15

To act a speedy Violence on my Life.

*Myr.* Your dire Resolve alas! Has Charm'd my Tongue ;  
But my Swoln Eyes will take their Liberty. *[Weeps]*

*Edr.* When I am gone, give these to *Theocrin*, *(Gives her Letters.)*  
The short sad Accents of my Dying Passion.  
He may afford my Memory a Tear :  
Nor ev'n *Arviola* her self Repine.  
And so Fare-well to Hope and Thee for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

*[Warlike Musique, Theocrin in Triumph,  
Argaleon's Head born before him on a Spear.]*

*The.* Enough my Dear Companions of the War,  
Nor think these Honors all address to me;  
But hold your selves large Sharers in these Tryumphs.  
My Courage was more fortunate then yours,  
Not greater : Trust me then I Triumph most,  
When I the Honour had to Lead such Worthies  
To Reap an Host, not now I Head this Pomp.

*[Soft Musique, Arviola in her Nuptial Dress,  
with a Train of Ladies Splendidly Attir'd.]*

*Arv. Myrrhor.*

*Myr.* Madam,

*Arv.* *Edrasfe* was unkind

Not to Accompany our Nuptial Rites.

*The.* Behold the Silver Moon shot from her Sphere,  
With all her Starry Train! Divine *Arviola*,  
Not Victory her self can Charm like Thee.

*Arv.* Ah! *Theocrin*, my old Griefs still pursue  
And haunt me, even up in my Nuptial Day;  
A sumptuous Feast of Joy is spread before us,  
But I suspect it as a Poyson'd Treat,  
And fear to taste; I see you, hear you talk,  
Clasp fast your Hand, and yet methinks w're still  
As far divided as the distant Poles,  
And shall unite as soon.

*Theoc.* Our Joy's a Feast of the Gods own preparing;  
Permit not then imaginary Fears  
To poyson your Delights; suspect no Storm  
In such a Halcyon Skie, our tender Love  
Long nourish covertly, till grown to an Head,  
Is now expos'd to th' Air, and dares the Weather.

*Enter*



*Enter King attended, Escalus speaking to him.*

*Esc.* Dread Sir, the Queen desires you to excuse  
Her Absence from the Pomp; she's indispos'd.

*King.* It was a rude Distemper to intrude  
At such a season — Bid the Masque begin;  
Come to your Monarchs Arms, ye happy Pair,  
Supporters of my Age: Thus let me join you;  
This Knot I have begun, the Priest shall finish.  
Look down ye Spirits of my slaughter'd Sons;  
Behold the Avenger of your Royal Blood;  
Behold our gen'ral Mirth; then summon all  
Your Brother Stars and Revel in your Spheres.

*[King, Arv. Theoc. take their Seats;  
A Martial Dance. After which a  
Priest in his Habits Enters.]*

*Priest.* The Flamen waits, and the preparing Rites  
Are finish'd; thrice has *Hymen* been invoc'd,  
And *Venus's* Altar thrice perform'd.

*King.* We come, shall I wait a day  
Move on, lead to the Temple.

*Enter a Messenger hastily.*

*Mess.* To Arms, to Arms! a Foreign Fleet invades  
Our frighted Coast, and brings a floating War:  
They spread their Streamers as secure of Conquest;  
With Shouts and louder Trumpets rend the Air,  
And seem to Triumph ere the Fight begin.

*King.* A Foreign Navy! What new Turn of Fate!  
Must then our dear-bought Peace so soon be ravish'd,  
And Wars green Wounds be lanc'd and bleed anew?

*Theoc.* I thank ye Gods, I have not yet deserv'd  
This charming Princess, am too poor in Fame,  
And kindly you provide for my Renown.  
Permit me, Royal Sir, forthwith to head  
Your Troops, whil'st their last Lawrels still are green,  
To engage Breast-deep this bold invading Foe:  
Our Flood shall snatch their Legions, nor permit  
Their Corpses once to touch our threatn'd Soil.

*King.* Fly swift as Light'ning, and destroy more sure.

*Theoc.* Weep not *Arviola*, but bade me Conquest;



*The Loyal General.*

17

I go to bring thee Honours from the Flood,  
Richer than all the Gems the Deep contains;  
From Conquest late we mov'd to Triumph, now  
From Triumph to new Conquest, to return  
Triumphant, in an endless Round of Glory.

[*Ex. with his Officers.*]

*Arr.* 'Tis so! our Halcyon Day is overcast,  
And all the smiling Prospect snatch'd already:  
My troubled Heart presag'd its own Distress:  
And gave dark symptoms of the rising Storm,  
That parts, I fear, my *Theocris* and me,  
To meet no more but on the Coast of Souls.

*King.* Canst thou inform us nothing more particular?

*Mess.* A Barge before the Fleet arriv'd the Bay,  
As I presume, with speedy Embassie  
And full Intelligence.

*Att.* A Herald Sir,  
Sent from the newly arriv'd Fleet.

*King.* Admit him.

[*Herald Enters.*]

*Her.* Health to the Sacred Majesty of Greece;  
Prince *Abardanes* from the *Thracian Coast*,  
By free Commission from his Royal Father,  
With Seven Arm'd Legions, and full Fifty Sail  
Now Anchors in your Port, t' assist your Cause,  
And quell the Rebels that imbroil your State:  
Partly our Old Alliance to this Crown,  
Oblig'd our King t' engage in your Relief;  
But most t' uphold the Rights of Majesty,  
Whose Dignity's the Common Cause of Kings.

*King.* Our Cause already has restor'd itself;  
Bear to your gen'rous Prince a Monarchs Thanks:  
And in our Name invite him to our Court;  
Our Self will meet our Royal Guest half way,  
Doubling our Pomp with his illustrious Train,  
Whil'st spight of blazing Noon, the waken'd Stars  
Starr from their Cells, our Triumphs to survey,  
And joyn their Glories to this wond'rous day.

D

ACT. III.

ACT. III  
SCENE, *The Palace.*

*Myrrhoe with Letters.*

*Myr.* reads. **I** *Am now on my Pilgrimage, when the Nuptial Ceremonies are over, at your leisure give the Inclosed to Theocrin, from*

*Yours Edraſte.*

These Letters ſpeak this Princeſſs ignorant  
O' th' ſudden turn in *Theocrin's* Affairs:  
A quaint Device was forming in my Thought  
And theſe come ſeaſ'nably t' aſſiſt the Project.  
*Lord Theocrin* your pardon — (*opens and reads*) — 'Tis right,  
Penn'd to my wiſh; a hopeful Policy,  
But time muſt ripen it. *Edraſte* drew not  
From me her Ruin, nor am I unjuſt  
To play the Game which ſhe gave o'r for loſt,  
And ſweep the Stakes,

*Enter Eſcalus.*

Brother you'r-are well return'd, and as I wiſht  
With buſie Brow; How went the Salutation?

*Eſc.* The King and Prince, like Old Familiars, met,  
And having thrice in cloſe Embraces joyn'd,  
Admitted to their Hand each others Nobles.  
Th' Officious *Flamen* at our Western Gate,  
Perform'd ſhort Sacrifice; mean while the King  
And *Abardanes* joyn'd in ſolemn League  
Of Friendſhip, and before their Entrance hail'd  
The Genius of the Place.

*Myr.* On what Deſign  
Shou'd *Abardanes* with ſuch coſtly Forces  
Arrive our Shore?

*Eſc.* T' aſſiſt the King to o'rthrow

The

*The Loyal General.*

19

The Rebels, was the plausible Pretence.  
A slight disguise — but hark! they come:

[*King Arviola, Abardanes, with their Courtiers  
and Attendance, pass over the Stage.*]

*Myr.* The Pomp seems clouded with a sullen gloom,  
The King looks sad, *Arviola's* Cheek's are flush'd  
With such disdainful Rage; her flashing Eyes  
Struck bold *Argaleon* at the Treaty dumb.

*Esc.* Dissention, wrecking Discord is broken loose,  
And we must cast our Net i'th' troubled Tide;  
It must succeed —

*Myr.* Speak, feast my greedy Ear,  
That would devour at once the charming Tale.

*Esc.* This Prince with Passion has beheld *Arviola*,  
Which yet his haughty Mind seem'd to disdain,  
And with a Lions Fury shook the Toil:  
At last to th' King, his Grief he did unfold,  
And with a haughty meen (besitting more  
A Conqueror than Suiter) mustering up  
His Titles, he demanded her in Marriage:  
The King reply'd, 'twas an Affair of weight,  
And in regard of *Theocrin's* just claim  
Of fatal consequence. [*Myrr.*] And this Reply  
Th' impatient Prince took for Consent.

*Esc.* His Pride resent'd it as flat denial,  
And scarce contain'd its Swellings within bounds.  
And now near *Hella's* Grove, Lord *Theocrin*,  
Attended with light Horsemen, met the Pomp,  
Forward we mov'd, when in a sudden Feud;  
The fiery Rivals drew; but first the Prince:  
Both mad as Winds contesting for the Main,  
And scarce the thund'ring King their Fury quell'd.

*Myrr.* A promising Disaster! What ensu'd?  
And why return'd not *Theocrin*?

\* *Esc.* Scarce was the Fray compos'd, when there arriv'd  
Intelligence that the Dispers'd remains  
Oth' Rebel Troops, had gather'd since the Rout,  
And garison'd within *Eiperste's* Towers:  
The King seiz'd this occasion to dismiss  
Chast *Theocrin* to th' Army, with strict charge  
To block *Eiperste's* Walls with speedy Siege:  
An exquisite Device of State, at once  
To keep the fiery Rivals at just distance,

And compass leisure for the best Resolves.

*Myr.* Soft, he returns with penfive *Diphilus*  
And thoughtful *Theocrin*.

*Ese.* My Design's a-float!

*Pisander* in the Queens esteem supplants me;  
What then remains but that I shift my Sails,  
And seek some richer Port: the King's Esteem,  
And Wind and Tide conspire to waft me in!  
The Tempest is on Wing, sink *Theocrin*,  
'Tis on thy Ruins I must build my Hopes,  
And mounted on thy Ship-wrack make to shore.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter King, Theron, Diph.*

*King.* Now Lords as you do prize your Countreys Peace,  
Your Ages ease, your Wives and Childrens Safety;  
Ply your best Skill and Bank against the Deluge!  
Methinks I see our *Greece* again embroil'd  
And Slaughter's bloody Sluces drawn anew;  
Our Laws disarm'd, and holiest Rites profan'd,  
Our Streets alarm'd with Tumults, Rapes and Fire,  
And all the Terrors of *Argalcon's* War.

*Ther.* Whence can you fear, dread Sir, Events so fatal?  
Not from the Prince, he is your Friend in League.

*King.* My Friend in League! Friendship's the priviledge  
Of private Men, for wretched Greatness knows  
No Blessing so substantial.

*Diph.* Sacred Sir;  
I see not why your Majesty shou'd take  
An anxious Thought! What can the Scruple be?  
What better can secure the Peace of *Greece*,  
Then that Prince *Abardanes* Wed *Arviola*?

*King.* And my late Vows to *Theocrin* be revok'd.

*Ther.* Your Int'rest, and the present Exigence  
Of your Affairs require it.

*King.* Then blush Hell!  
For Earth's more false, and Fiends to Men are Angels;  
O hard Estate of Empire! wretched Kings;  
How are we snar'd in Errors not our own,  
And hood-wink led to th' Crimes we most wou'd shun?  
Hence 'tis our Names stand Black in Chronicle,  
When impious Councillors betray our Reason;

With

With Eloquence and Sophistry, to make us see  
And make Injustice necessary!

*Duke Prince Abardane* draws us from the Bay,  
Threatens to pour his Legions on our Coast,  
If fair *Arvisia* refuse his Love, dish him his  
His Rival *Theocrin*'s grown Popular,  
And Heads our Army; what if he resent  
His Disappointment, seek by Force his Claim?  
Shall we permit him take by Arms his Right,  
And to a Subjects Tyranny submit?  
Or call the Princes Forces to our Aid,  
And trust the Courtesie of Foreign Powers?

*King*. The Siege will hold him for a while employ'd,  
The Prince and he, fierce as they are, may yet  
Burn harmless as dire Planets do; while 't is distant  
But meeting hurl swift ruin on our State.

Enter Escalus.

*Esc*. My Business Royal Sir, will justify  
My bold Intrusion; give me leave to impeach  
Your Favourite of Guilt, which true as 'tis,  
Will scarce meet your Belief, of Treason.

*King*. Ha!  
*Esc*. Lord *Theocrin*, he Courts the Popular Fame  
And forms Designs against your Life and Empire.

*King*. Say, speak 't thou this on thy own Knowledge or  
Conjecture? If no more, on what Presumption?

*Esc*. The cause, his jealousy of *Abardane*,  
And your deferring his expected Nuptials  
With blood-shot Eyes I view'd him in the Pump,  
Whil' t diving low from his Triumphant Chair,  
The Rabble at each Haull he did salute,  
Then eagerly inclin'd his Lawrell'd Head,  
To catch the buzzing Praises of the Crowd,  
Whil' t on his Youth (his Active Youth they call'd it)  
And (as they term'd it) your neglectful Age  
They descanted, wounding each Loyal Ear!

*King*. I must have Evidence more positive,  
Till then suspend my Judgment, make it clear,  
And know that on the Proof depends thy Life.

*Esc*. Good Gods, that I were Earth! forgotten Dust,  
Th' oblit'rate Marble mouldring o'r my Ashes,  
And this Black Charge a Slander: Heaven! My Life!

Your



Your Empire's Life depends on your Belief.

[*Exit* King, Theron, Diph.]

So now I'm Plung'd, and must dash through or Perish:  
Three Factious Stout Repiners at the State  
(Of Bank'rupt Fortunes) I have Brib'd already.  
To swear this Charge, a Circumstance or two,  
Neatly devis'd and plausibly alledg'd,  
Will make th' Impeachment pass.  
Now to my She confed'rate to confer  
Of my Designs; She's a Projecter too,  
Lur'd on by Interests resistless Charms,  
The vig'rous Spring that sets all Plots adrift,  
From Womens Projects to th' Intrigues of State.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* Arviola, Myrrhoe.

*Myr.* Ha! Visit you disguis'd, too Night?

*Arv.* He comes:

*Myr.* *Theocris*, I but ev'n now discharg'd  
The welcome Messenger he sent to inform me.  
No tidings of my dear *Edrasse* yet?  
'Twas sure no small Resentment that cou'd move  
Her temp'rate Breast to such a rash Resolve!  
My Fate in all its past Severities,  
Allow'd me that dear Partner of my Cares;  
But now the Charmer of my Griefs is gone.

*Myr.* Your sorrow never shall complain alone,  
Whil'st I have Breath to echo to your Sighs.

*Arv.* *Myrrhoe*, thy Truth deserves a better Fate,  
Then waits thy wretched Princess! O my Heart —  
*Myr.* *Theocris*! — but that's too harsh a string  
And I forbear to touch — Say *Myrrhoe*,  
How does the Queen resent *Edrasse's* Absence?

*Myrr.* Her Women fear'd t' inform her of the Truth,  
And forg'd a formal Tale —

*Enter*

*Enter a Lady with a Ring.*

*Lady.* A Stranger, Madam,  
Desires Admittance, when I crav'd his Business,  
He enjoynd me to deliver you this Ring.

*Ar.* See *Myrrhoe*.

[*Gives her the Ring.*]

*Myrr.* Lord *Theocrin's* Signet Madam.

*Ar.* Conduct him privately to my Apartment.

[*Ex. the Lady.*]

You *Myrrhoe* wait here, and on your Life,  
Permit none t' approach us.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Escalus.*

*Efc.* I'm wing'd with Transport, and I tread on Air,  
Ha *Myrrhoe*, what's there? Lord *Theocrin* in's Seal?  
A prize by Mercury! the Luckiest hit.  
Ev'n fortune's self is my Confedrate now,  
And Aids me in my juggling: Sister stay,  
This Ring must do me present service, but  
I'll instantly restore it.

*Myrr.* Stay *Escalus*.

*Efc.* My business is most pressing.

*Myrr.* So is mine.

Did not the *Queen* too night send to invite you:  
To banquet with her in the *Grotto*.

*Efc.* Yes,

*Pisander* too is summon'd thither;  
Some new adventure that requires our Counsel.

*Myr.* Know then you are invited to your death,  
The banquet's Poysoned.

*Escalus* Ha!

*Myr.* The *Queen* perceives you are jealous of *Pisander*,  
And to prevent your just revenge, conspires  
With her Young *Paramour* to take your life.

*Efc.* Whence your Intelligence?

*Myr.* From

*Myr. From Bromian,*

Attendant on the Queen in her Retirement,  
Who persecutes me with his whining Passion,  
And to oblige me made this dear Discovery.

*Etc.* Ev'n this shall give a Lift to my Designs,  
For Fencer like Ill Ward and Strike together;  
The Queen and I too Night draw Spikes for Life;  
The Lovers hid, now for a flight of hand,  
To pick the Prize and shift the Blank to Her.

*Exeunt [generally.]*

*Scene draws, Arviola and Theocrin.*

*Theo.* So hasty were my Orders for the Siege,  
That I was forc'd Disguis'd to make this Visit  
*Arviola!*

*Arv.* My Lord.

*Theo.* The last days Sun  
Was to have seen our Nuptials celebrated;  
The busie Priests for us prepar'd their Temple;  
Nor cou'd attend the Morning Sacrifice!  
The pompous Streets with Bays and Palm were strew'd,  
And Legions blest us as we pass'd along;  
Hail Conqu'ring Bridegroom, Royal Bride all Hail,  
Enrich our Empire with a glorious Race,  
Die Ag'd and Happy! Thus our Loves were greeted:  
And now we meet, we meet (Oh Gods!) by stealth!

*Arv.* Dear *Theocrin*, believe me still your Bride,  
For Souls can wed without the Formal Priest;  
Why are our Loves, that prosper'd when conceal'd,  
Like Faery-Wealth, curs'd since they came to light?  
Ah! had you ne'r aspir'd at fatal Glory,  
We might at least have given the Night to Love,  
Tho we, like Glow-worms, hid by Day our Fires.

*Theo.* Divinest of thy Sex, 'tis past the power  
Of Thought to rate my Love.

*Arviola!* *Arv.* What wou'd my *Theocrin*?

*Theo.* Dismiss me to my Grave, whilst thou art kind;  
And hurry from the World this useles Life,  
Which if prolong'd, must prove to Thee most fatal.

*Arv.* Alas, my Lord, your Griefs talk wildly now.

*Theo.* The haughty Prince his Riches once remov'd,  
Will prove more mild, nor longer threaten War;  
With thousand more Conveniences of thine!

The King will ne'r chide with you for my sake,  
Nor trembling Mothers curse your Constancy!  
Fate wills, and 'tis expedient that I die!

*Enter Myrrhoc with a Ring.*

*Myr.* Prince *Abardanes*, Madam, waits your leisure;  
My Lord, your Signet.

[*Gives him the Ring.*]

*Theo.* The Prince demand Admittance?  
Sure he is well improv'd in his Acquaintance  
To seek Admittance here! — Go *Myrrhoc*  
Inform the Stranger better. He mistakes,  
These are the Apartments of *Arviola*  
The Princess, Privacy. Haste, tell him so.

*Myr.* My Lord 'tis, with the Princess he wou'd speak;  
He comes to Visit —

*Theo.* Visit?

*Myr.* Good: He's jealous.

[*Aside.*]

The Furies send the Princess half so apt  
To take th' Infection and my Projects made.

*Arv.* Retire my *Theocrin*.

*Theo.* How my *Arviola*?

Retire? — by Love I will not understand thee,  
Nor wou'dst thou sure be understood — and yet  
That angry Brow recalls my Charity!  
Is't possible? bid *Theocrin* retire?

Remove, and give a new Pretender room?

*Arv.* Thank your Distresses that disarm my Rage,  
Or my resenting Honour shou'd chastise  
This Jealousie; it shou'd rash Man: but now  
(Since Fortune treats you ill) I am content  
To weigh your Griefs and wink at your Offence.  
Once more I do entreat you to with-draw,  
And humour the perverseness of our Fate;  
A little Patience will restore our Wishes.

*Theo.* I find my Error, and am dash'd with shame!

Excuse the Ravings of a feav'rish mind;  
Nor rate by common Rules immod'rate Love.  
Ah Princess, could'st thou dive into my Heart,  
And see how absolute thy Form reigns there,  
How much I prize the Treasure of thy Love,  
Thou wou'd'st at least forgive my wakeful care;  
That miser-like I wear a watchful Eye,  
And weigh each Grain of the hard purchast Store.

*Arv.* Now by a Virgins Truth, I swear (stand still  
Ye flying Minutes, and attend my Vow;)

Whil'st Nature holds her Course and Time runs on,  
VVhil'st Night and Day the Night and Day succeed,  
VVhil'st Rivers pay their Tribute to the Sea:  
And Seas with fresh recruits the Streams supply,  
Whil'st Winter strews Hoar-Frost and Summer Dew;  
I'm *Theocrinus* — So *Theocrin* prove True.

*Toco.* What pitying God, toucht with the sad Estate  
Of fall'n Mankind, sent from their bright Abodes,  
This Vertue to reform the Savage World!  
Er'ight Excellence, Imperial Maid, farwel;  
I go to glean the last Remains o'th' War;  
And like *Argaleon* let me fall accurst,  
If once these weary Lids be clos'd in sleep;  
Or these devoted Limbs uncas'd from Steell,  
Till I've compleated well my task of Honour,  
And brought thee Conquest perfect as my Love.

[Exit,

*Enter Abardanes, Sossacles at distance.*

*Ab.* A Lover's Visit if it fail to meet  
The best Reception, most unwelcome proves:  
But Madam, if my Passion's troublesome,  
Accuse the fatal Power of your own Charms;  
Unwillingly I put your Fetters on.

*Arv.* With what an Arrogance his Passion sues.

[Aside,

*Ab.* I know I Court on Disadvantages,  
And my rough Passion can have little Charms;  
But Love dissolves and Moulds me o'r anew:  
My Temper gives beneath each Glance you dart.

*Arv.* None sure can be to your vast Merits blind,  
But Prince your Court-ship's to a Bride address,  
And Brides in Heav'n's account are wed already.

*Ab.* It was my Rivall's Fortune, not desert,  
T'have first beheld your Charms; which having seen,  
He Lov'd of necessary Consequence:  
Chance laid the dazzling Treasure in his way,  
Too vast to be by any Subject held;  
And into Royal Hands must be resign'd.

*Arv.* Now Prince you press too far your Priviledge,  
Allow his Worth, as I Dispute not Yours;

Which



Which weigh'd, perhaps wou'd make the lighter Scale.

*Ab.* I'm pleas'd to find his Merit swell so high!  
Your Praise has made him Worthy of my Sword:  
If wanting Royal Bloud, it prove his Fate  
To enrich himself with mine, you are his Prize:  
But first we'll try the Fortune of the Field.

*Arv.* Ah me! He is rash, and *Theocris* all Fire;  
What Ruin must attend such meeting Flames.  
My Lord, the Prince, Return — Cou'd you Pretend  
To Love, and in neglectful Rage withdraw?  
Permit my Grief to reason calmly with you,  
For you are generous and will be just!  
This Love that has surpriz'd your noble Mind,  
Is but a vicious and irregular Heat —  
Which your severer Prudence will Correct.  
You'll be advis'd my Lord, I know you will;  
You ought not, must not — and you will not Love.

*Ab.* O my divided Soul! her painted Grief  
Darts through my stubborn Bosom to my Heart.

*Arv.* What Triumph is there in a Virgins Tears?  
What Conquest to pursue her to her Grave?  
I'm ~~sworn~~ to be Lord *Theocris's* or die;  
And if from his Embrace I am Divorc'd;  
Who Courts me after, is my Murderer.

*Ab.* Rise Princess, witness these prodigious Tears,  
How much I'm touch'd with your Distress; how much  
My lab'ring Heart resists the powerful Charm.

*Arv.* So may you speed in War and thrive in Glory,  
Nor of your Crowns and Trophies know the Tale;  
And if agen you condescend to Love,  
With all the soft Returns of Kindness meet,  
Which tender Maids, that pine with secret Flame,  
Wish, when retir'd, they tell the Groves their Pain!

*Ab.* I yield! you have prevail'd against your self,  
Your Tears have quencht the Fire your Glances gave;  
I'll force a Conquest on my Heart, I will.

*Arv.* Then Blessings Crown —

*Ab.* O take your Charms away,  
I cannot look and with such Treasure part,  
But when remov'd, I'll try to represent  
Your Form less Glorious, and resign you then.  
This Pang, and I'm at ease! — O *Soffaces*,  
I have o'rcome! — 'Tis false, I'm still her Slave,  
I long, and 'tis methinks an Age already  
Since I beheld her! How shall I sustain

[Exit Arviola.]

Eternal Absence? It can never be,  
My Fancy forms her fairer now than ever,  
As Colours take in Christal brighter Die.

*Soff.* Your Highness better knows to War than Love;  
Presume not Sir to force a Victory  
By furious onset here, as in the Field;  
'Tis Patience and a formal Siege must win,  
The Fort which you in vain attempt to storm:  
Bribes must Corrupt, where Force and Valour fail.

*Ab.* Speak plain, my Oracle, thy Conduct here  
May speed my Love, as it has done my Arms.

*Soff.* The Princess Heart's already taken up  
With *Theocrin*, and if you press for Entrance,  
Must sink all Three: Plot first to dispossess  
Your Rival.

*Ab.* 'Tis a Task for *Hercules*.

*Soff.* I'll work the self-same Engine to dislodge  
Your Rival, and to fix you in his room.

*Ab.* 'Tis past the pow'r of Wit; but I can trust  
Thy Cunning for Impossibilities.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* King, Escalus, Theron, Diph.

*King.* The Queen Confed'rate too with *Theocrin*?

*Efc.* Your Queen, your pensive, solitary Queen,  
Conspires with *Theocrin* against your Life;  
Her Cell, her sacred Grotto, is the Nest  
To hatch their Treason; haste and trust your Eyes,  
Ev'n now th'are brooding there together.

*King.* On  
And force our Entrance.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene*

*Scene drawing, discovers the Grotto.*

*Queen and Pisander amorously seated in a Bowr.*

## Song.

I.

**T**ell my Strephon that I die,  
Let th' Eccboes to each other tell,  
Till the mournful Accent fly  
To Strephon's Ear and all is well.

2.

But gently break the fatal Truth,  
Sweeten ev'ry sadder sound;  
For Strephon's such a tender Youth,  
The gentlest words too deep will wound.

3.

No! Fountains, Eccbo's, all be dumb;  
For shou'd I cost my Swain a Tear,  
I shou'd repent me in the Tomb,  
And grieve I have bought my Rest so dear.

*After*

After which Enter King, Esc. The. Diph.

King. My Eyes have surfeited upon their shame;  
Guards seize 'em both:

Dissembling *Aribell*! false *Theocrin*!

Why that's *Pisander*.

Esc. Ha! *Pisander*? — Gods!

Then there's a new Discov'ry — who didst thou thought  
*Pisander* were a Villain.

*Pis.* Perjur'd Slave!

Esc. I blush for thee *Pisander*! could even weep  
To see such hopeful Vertue fall'n away.

*Pis.* I know your Majesty decrees my Death;  
And with my latest Breath I will pronounce  
That *Escalus* a Traytor.

*Qu.* Treach'rous Fiend!

I'll Perish, and involve Thee in my Ruin!

My Lord, the King, I own foul practices  
Against your Crown, but was in all seduc'd  
By that Arch-Devil.

Esc. Hear me Sacred Sir?

To clear my Loyalty, I but demand

Your Majesty compel 'em taste these Bowls. [A Goblet is given to

King. Drink Slave or Perish.

*Pisander*]

*Qu.* Hell 'tis Drink and Perish.

[Aside *Pisander's* Death]

King. Unfold this Riddle.

Esc. Know my Royal Master

The Queen her self broke with me of this Plot;

But having found me firm of Loyalty,

Resolv'd to silence me with Death for ever.

On that Design invited me too Night,

To Banquet with her here i'th *Grotto*, where

These Poyson'd Goblets were to have giv'n me Welcome.

King. Guards, bear the Empress to the Citadel,

Till we resolve the manner of her Death.

*Qu.* Death, doting Monarch, and that wither'd Brow

Give Sentence on this Bloom, the Spring of Beauty,

That has preserv'd thy freezing Blood in Motion,

Cous'ning the Grave of her long due; the Grave

That rival'd me, and for thy Lumber waited,

When I received it to my Youthful Bed.

Have I sustain'd thy sinking Royalty,

And stuff'd thy hollow Robes to fill the Throne;

And

*The Loyal General.*

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And talk'st Thou of my Death.

*King.* Away with her,  
Let darkeſt Manſions hide her from the Day,  
That Sickens at her Inſolence.

*Qu.* Be't ſo.

I'll make thoſe Manſions fairer than thoſe Bow'rs,  
And in a Scene of thought repeat theſe Joys,  
So oft within theſe rev'ling Shades Poſſeſt.  
See there thy Rival, King, how levellier far  
In Death than thou art Breathing? Fear him ſtill,  
Be jealous of his Memory, and live  
Till ev'ry Subject ſcorns thee as I do,  
And Vermine like o'r-leap their Wooden King.  
State, Tempeſts, ſhake thee into Duſt — Fates catch  
My Curſe, and ſtamp it in their brazen Volumns.

[Exit Queen Guarded

*Eſc.* This jumps not with my Wiſh, Tame, Suff'ring King!

*King.* But *Theocrin* —

*Eſc.* Is to his Charge return'd,  
Too late we enter'd to ſurprize him here;  
Theſe Letters I intended t' have produc'd,  
And charg'd him with his Treason to his Face.

*King.* To the Rebels? and with *Theocrin's* Signet ſeal'd?  
See *Theron*, *Diphilus*.

*Ther.* With what Contents.

*King.* He taxes me with Breach of Faith, repents  
His Service, and ſolicites them t' eſpouſe  
His Cauſe, and joyn their Out-law'd Troops with his;  
Which will ſecure at once their forfeit Heads,  
And vindicate his Claim t' *Arviola*.  
My Lords your ſpeedy and moſt ſafe Reſolves.

*Diph.* 'Twere ſafeſt to diſcover no diſtruſt,  
But ſummon him to Court with ſpeed,  
As to ſome ſudden Council, then  
Surprize and ſentence him to preſent Death.

[Ex. King, Ther. Diph.

*Eſc.* Mid'ſt all my buſie Zeal, this ſtupid King,  
As yet no mention of Reward has made!  
And rates my Service as a Subject's Duty:  
Had I employ'd but half the expence of Wit  
To ſerve the Prince, my Pains had paſt for Merit:

He



He claims no Sovereign Right in my Endeavours,  
 And will with Honours crown my Industry,  
 The time presents, his Agent *Soffacles*  
 With *Myrrhoe* has been tampering; I'll strike in  
 And share in the Design; 'twere plausible,  
 And of good credit, to persuade this Prince,  
 That for his Interest I have undermin'd  
 Lord *Theocron*, his dangerous Rival. Good!  
 Thus tacking oft to catch the veering Winds;  
 The skilful Pilot works into the Bay.

[Exit.

## A C T. IV.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

King, Escalus, Theron, Diph.

*King.* **T**Is odds, but he'll suspect the sudden Summons  
 (As Guilt is ever jealous) and decline  
 Our Orders.

*Esc.* Doubt not, Sir, but he'll appear,  
 And with as bold a meen as ever.

*King.* Thus forward Spirits, howe'er by Heav'n design'd  
 For State-Defenders, prove their Countries Bane;  
 For when their active Courage has redrest  
 The Publique Wrongs; the proud Restorer's self  
 Next Tyrant proves, and for Reward usurps

*To them Abardanes and Soffacles.*

Now Prince to your Desires I can be just;  
 Your Rival has by Treason forfeited  
 His Right to *Arviola* and our Favour,  
 And naught remains that can resist your claim.

*Ab.* Not ev'n *Arviola's* Divinest Charms  
 Are more desirable, than to be still'd

Your

Your Son, not Glory cou'd have charm'd me more;  
Glory that drew me forth to share your War.

King. Free I receiv'd this Crown from Heaven, and leave  
*Arviola* her freedom to confer  
The fortune of her *Greece*, where she bestows  
Her Love; and *Abaranes* is secure  
Of our best Aid t' endear him to her Breast.

[Ex. King, Etc. Ther. Diph.]

*Ab.* Come near, my *Soffaces*, thou art surpriz'd  
To find this Cheek turn'd pale, and see this Breast  
Heav'd with unwonted Sighs; I know 'tis mean,  
And blush at this Disorder, but bear with me,  
Thou only conscious art to my Complaint,  
And even to thee I tell but half my Pain.

*Soff.* To me you gave the Conduct of your Love,  
And with successful Industry I've won  
(What most I doubted) *Myrrhoe* to our side)  
The Princess's confident.

*Ab.* Is't possible?  
'Twas by her Art that *Theocris* prevail'd,  
And work'd into *Arviola's* esteem.

*Soff.* The fittest Engine therefore to dislodge  
And work him out agen: She knew t' extol  
And dazzle the Young Princess with his Praise;  
And doubtless can with equal Art accuse.

*Ab.* By what strange Wiles, my subtle *Mercury*,  
Could'st thou prevail on this demure Deceiver?

*Soff.* With well couch'd Flattery, and pretended Love;  
Besides with Gems and Gold I brib'd her Favour,  
Yet with such difficulty, that t' have view'd  
The winding Scene, had prov'd no small Diversion.

*Ab.* Methinks I see my Engineer at work.

*Soff.* At first, with such disdain, as wou'd ha' past  
For real, with the unskill'd in Womens Wiles,  
The Present she refus'd; in passion told me  
That she had much projected for your sake,  
And by degrees intended to encline  
The Princess to accept of your Address;  
But was prevented by those hated Gifts,  
That rendered her free Service Mercenary.

*Ab.* Then flung away?

*Soff.* No I paus'd, and with a sigh  
Confest, though you had justly disoblig'd her,

Yet since it was the Prince's Interest  
 T' slight fall'n *Theocrin*, and approve your Suit,  
 She'd still proceed to serve you, and engag'd  
 (By what Device I know not) instantly  
 To render her Averse to *Theocrin*,  
 And then of course you seize her vacant Breast.

*Ab.* Thou shalt have Altars rais'd thee.

*Soft.* See, she comes.

*Enter Myrrhoe.*

*Myr.* My Lord, I come to check your lavish Bounty;  
 That leaves no place for generous and free Service;  
 But turns my best Endeavours into Hire.

*Ab.* Think not those trivial Presents were design'd  
 For more than Earnests of Rewards to come;  
 'Tis in your pow'r to enrich me with a Treasure,  
 Beyond the Wealth of my expected Empire,  
*Arviola's Love.*

*Myr.* Know my Designs on that account were ripe,  
 Before you shar'd your Bounty; a few hours  
 Is all I crave to perfect your Request.

*Arviola comes, withdraw Sir, and expect  
 My Promise.*

[*Ex. Abard. Soft.*

Now *Edraffe's Letter*  
 To *Theocrin*, comes in play; now all the Fraud  
 That injur'd Lovers charge upon our Sex  
 Inspire me; Tears, Oaths, Swoonings, changing Blood;  
 And all the seeming Pangs of wildest Rage,  
 Assist my Cousnage.

*Enter Arviola:*

[*Myrrhoe falls prostrate, as going to stab her self.*

*Arv.* Ha! the Gods forbid!  
 Stop thy rash Arm, or turn thy Steel on me;  
 Distracted *Myrrhoe*; speak what means this Fury.

*Myr.*

*Myr.* Where am I? What unkind Hand has disarm'd me? O my afflicted Heart! *Arvidle* Fly Princess, for I have resolv'd on Death, And shall depart in Pain if you are by.

*Arv.* Speak, I conjure thee, and unfold thy Grief; Or by our dearest Friendship I'll bleed first.

*Myr.* As you regard your Peace, permit me die In silence; nor reveal a fatal Truth, Which you of all the World shou'd last discover.

*Arv.* Thy tender Bosom takes too quick a sense Of my Distresses; but of me learn temper, That can survive at once *Edrasfe's* Absence, And *Theocrin's* Disgrace.

*Myr.* I *Theocrin*! Was it not I that kindled first your Breast With Love of *Theocrin*, and fann'd the Flame With hourly Praise? Unfortunate Zeal.

*Arv.* Thou did'st, And I adore thee for't.

*Myr.* I did, And with that Ponyard meant to add A Justice on my self for doing it; Tho to the expecting Fates I will appeal I was abus'd, and more deceiv'd than you!

*Arv.* Wreck me no longer with tormenting doubt; If my full Grievs can yet be capable Of fresh Disasters, let me know the worst.

*Myr.* Swear then to bear it as a Princess shou'd.

*Arv.* Perish my dearest hopes, but I will do As shall become my Sex and Royal Blood.

*Myr.* Peruse that Letter then.

*Arv.* To *Theocrin*? And in *Edrasfe's* Hand? Her Name subscrib'd? Most strange Contents! — Yet she concludes more strangely!

[Reads.] — *Forgive my Grievs this Trespass; they shall never offend you more; for I have not the heart to complain of you, who the Author of my Ruin.*

*Edrasfe.*

The Author of her Ruin! *Theocrin* The Author of *Edrasfe's* Ruin! Speak!

Confess, or dear as 'tis, I will rip up That reverend Breast, and tear the Secret forth.

*Myr.* Take then the fatal Story (Sighs be hush'd

And give me Breath) — th' unfortunate *Edraffe*  
 (As I have ever been her Confident)  
 Inform'd me of the Cause why she with-drew;  
 You thought her Absence unaccountable;  
 So little you surmis'd that she retir'd  
 To hide her growing shame!

*Arv.* Her growing shame!

*Myr.* With Cheeks now pale, now blushing, she confess  
 She had resign'd her sacred Virgins Treasure,  
 And in close dalliance wanton'd, till at last,  
 Her amorous Theft no longer wou'd be hid,  
 But forc'd her to retire.

*Arv.* I'll mourn for thee *Edraffe*, and lament  
 In thy Offence, the Fall of Womankind! —  
 But — *Myrhee* — Thou seem'st not yet discharg'd  
 Of half thy Tragick Tale — Thou fear'st to say  
 With whom she did offend; and I to enquire!  
 Why art thou rackt my Heart with fond mistrust;  
 For 'tis impossible that *Theocrin*  
 Shou'd prove so false — and as impossible  
 That any other Tempter shou'd prevail!  
 I dare not — will not — yet I must suspect

*Myr.* Now Princess call to mind your solemn Vow,  
 You swore to act as Honour shou'd advise,  
 And Honour will inspire you with disdain,  
 For this ingrateful, most forsworn of Men.

*Arv.* Sink me to Death! Plunge me in streaming Fire,  
 Heap Mountains on my Head,  
 And bury my Disgrace,  
 Abus'd *Arviola*!

Deluded, credulous Maid! — Oh Perjury!

*Myr.* Rise Princess and compose this dang'rous Passion.

*Arv.* No! to this Earth I'll grow,  
 Out-rave the Winter Sea,  
 Out-rage the Northern Wind,  
 And with my loud Complaints alarm the Gods,  
 Till they resent the Wrongs  
 Of flatter'd Virgins, and confound Mankind.

*Myr.* Then curse thy self rash Tongue for thy discovery!  
 Perish these idle Hands, that had not first  
 Sheath'd this preventing Ponyard in my Heart;  
 But 'tis not yet too late —

*Arv.* Hold *Myrhee*!  
 Thou art more rash than I;  
 Think, think how much I lov'd!



How much I was abus'd !  
And thou wilt say I have a Turtles tameness !  
False ! perjur'd *Theocris* !  
I can almost excuse thee Lost *Edraffe*,  
When I recall the smooth Deceivers Charms ;  
He'd sigh his Passion in such soft Complaints ;  
Court'd with such a winning Modesty ,  
Even in his Silence eloquent , his words  
So Artfully disorder'd , as might move ,  
Devoted Vestals to a living Grave !

*Myr.* Your Anger do's him too much Grace ; forget him.

*Arw.* Where then is my Revenge ? I hear he's charg'd  
With Treason too, and I believe him guilty ;  
For false in Love, and false in ev'ry Trust :  
Yet once agen I will repeat my Vow ,  
And Heav'n and Earth refuse me if I fail  
To execute the strictest Laws of Honour.  
I'll meet him in spite of my relenting Heart ,  
(For inwardly I fear I shall relent)  
Yet I will meet him with a scornful Brow ,  
And to his Face disdain him , though I die.

[Exit.

*Enter Escalus.*

*E/c.* Hift. Sister.

*Myr.* Now, what fresh Discovery, whence those Letters, and  
Of what Concern ?

*E/c.* From our imprison'd, discontented Queen ;  
Here she solicites me to close afresh  
With her Design ; already she has urg'd  
Her Brother of *Epirus* to revenge  
Th' affront of her Confinement on the King.  
These are t' oblige me to betray the Fort  
Into his Hand , when he by Night arrives ,  
And my Reward the Crown.

*Myr.* Be not too credulous ,  
Nor trust offended Majesty too far.

*E/c.* With caution I'll resolve , in the mean time  
Seem to comply ; I'll shun no path to Greatness ,  
But wou'd seek it in the Jaws of Death.

[Exit severally,

Scene

*Scene draws. Theocrin with Four or Five Officers  
from the Siege.*

*Theo.* Leave me my Friends, and of your Jealousies  
Take leave; the gen'rous King  
Has no dishon'able Design upon me:  
Some sudden Council of the State requires me.

1. *Off.* There is no trust in States-men, and in Courts  
'Tis dang'rous to excell; allow our fears,  
We know your worth, and wou'd not see you fall.

*Theo.* Meet I the Death of Cowards, the Renown  
Of my fam'd Ancestors expire in me,  
E'r I grow vain, and trumpet my own Deeds;  
Yet must this King confess,  
That what I have for him perform'd,  
Within the *Sylvan* Courts of Savage Moors,  
At least wou'd have procur'd me my *Lives* safety:  
I've seen a Lion from the Toil set free,  
Yet famisht, as he was, spare his Deliverer.

2. *Off.* Shou'd the ungrateful Senate dare to call  
Your Worth in question; we that know how deep  
Your Merit's rooted in your Armies Hearts,  
Shall soon reform the Abuses of the Bench,  
And teach the ermin'd Doatards Justice.

*Theo.* Ha!  
Degen'rate *Damocles*, how art thou fall'n,  
That Breath has blasted all thy early Glories!  
Beware, brave Youth, the least disloyal thought,  
That like a Canker will destroy thy Lawrel.

3. *Off.* Be not betray'd by your Credulity;  
Your midnight Summons brings no small suspicion!  
The Prince makes open Love to *Arviola*;  
You know his Fleet rides still within our Bay,  
And on his least Resentment can pour forth  
Their Legions on our Shore; consider then  
How this may work on the defenceless King,  
To sacrifice you to your Rivals Rage.

*Theo.* My safety's grounded on the Eternal Truth  
Of my *Arviola*; may she desert me,  
When once I prove so mean to fear the will;  
She's constant as the Diamonds standing Light:  
Once more, my Friends, I beg you wou'd retire,

And

And will not be deny'd,

4. *Off.* We go, but shall be near to watch your Danger.

[*Ex. the Officers.*]

*Theo.* Spight of my forc'd neglect, a fullen fear  
Intrudes it's terror on me; first it seiz'd  
My Slumber, since pursues my waking Thoughts;  
A mourning *Venus* stript my verdant Bayes,  
And on my Temples dropt a Cypress Wreath,  
Whil't weeping *Cupids* lean'd on slacken'd Bows,  
Shrouding their Faces in their fable Wings.  
Dreams I regard not, but this Vision leaves me  
Gloomy and Dull, as fated Ravishers.

*Theron, Diphilus, pass over the Stage.*

These Lords once knew me, fawn'd and kiss'd my Knees,  
When from *Argaleon's* Conquest I return'd,  
And now the Doatards pass neglectfully by!  
But change in States-men is most natural:  
Th' are Weather-cocks of time; and face about  
To ev'ry veering Wind!  
But here comes *Myrrhoe*, and her I'll seize.

*Enter Myrrhoe.*

Tell me kind Patroness of all my hopes,  
Thou that hast known my Passions secret growth,  
Brought'st kindly warmth, and hatcht it with thy Beams;  
How fares my bright *Arviola*?  
How mindful of her Pining *Theocrin*?  
How many Sighs has scapt her balmy Lipp?  
(For *Myrrhoe* I will know Particulars.)  
How many Tears? — Reserv'd, and silent Ha!  
What means that wrinkled Brow? Dishonour blast me,  
But thou hast struck a Chills to my Heart,  
A Death-like Cold.

*Myr.* Your Pardon Lord,  
I am in haste, on Business to the Prince.

*Theo.* The Prince! Confusion! Business to the Prince?  
What Business bear'st thou to the Prince? Whose Business?  
I know thou wilt not say *Arviola's*.  
Thou wilt not let me know that killing secret,

*Tho*

Tho it were true?

*Myr.* My Lord, I'm no Dissembler,  
When I inform'd you that the Princess lov'd you,  
'Twas true! — she did — at present I affirm  
She thinks of you no more.

*Theo.* And that true too!  
Wer't thou an Oracle to tell me this,  
I'd slight it as a black malicious lie,  
Tho thunder struck me for the misbelief.

*Myr.* Your Lordship's compos'd, I take my leave.

[*Exit*

*Theo.* Go then, and like a Sorcerer's blast thy Walk,  
How have I prun'd my Fortunes till they bleed,  
To fill this Mercenary's Coffers:  
But this rich Prince's weightier Gold, I find  
Has turn'd the Scale against me; be it so,  
I'll give the World the lie, e'er I suspect:  
None but *Arviola* her self shall e'er  
Persuade me that *Arviola* is chang'd:  
Here comes this Pageant Prince! Down swelling Blood,  
I must speak to him, and wou'd do't in temper.

*Enter Abardanes, Sossacles.*

Prince, by your Favour, turn; a Souldier calls.

*Ab.* Ha; who art, that with so bold a freedom  
Retards my haste?

*Theo.* I am one whom thou hast wrong'd,  
Demand'st thou further? — One whom thou must right,  
Forbear that frown, I wou'd not move thy Passion,  
And wou'd much less that thou should'st wake my Rage:  
As therefore calmly I my Grievance tell,  
Do thou as calmly promise to redress:  
Thou seek'st to rob me of my Valour's Prize,  
My Right by chance of War and Royal Grant,  
My Mistress — more — my Bride *Arviola*.

*Ab.* Ha! *Theocrin*? stand forth, let me survey thee;  
Dar'st thou, poor Sprout of obscure Growth, presume  
To be ingrafted to the Royal Stock,  
And stain with Peasant Blood the Race of Kings?

*Theo.* Thus far I bear with thee thou barbarous Prince,  
Less disciplin'd than those rough Winter-gusts,

That

## *The Loyal General.*

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That scourge thy barren Clime. This is the Palace,  
The Mansion of the King; the Place protects thee,  
Thou art too vile a Sacrifice to fall  
On Sacred Ground.

*Ab.* Unhand me *Soffaces*;

Now thank the Gods that thou art rankt beneath  
A Prince's Vengeance; I forbear thy Life,  
And will not stoop to take the worthless forfeit:  
Thou art hedg'd in with double Infamy;  
For as a Subject I disdain thee much,  
But as a Traytor more.

*Theo.* Blasphemer die.

[*Draws.*

*Enter King, with Guard.*

*King.* This Insolence within our Palace-Walls?  
Guards seize the Tyger.

*Theo.* O my Lord the King,  
To Heav'n and you I will appeal.

*King.* Be dumb,  
I'll hear thee nothing till the Bench is sate,  
And then thy Practices shall have fair Tryal.  
Guards he's your Charge.

[*Ex. King and Abard.*

*Theo.* Are these then the Rewards of Loyalty?  
To bind these Arms that set their Countrey free?  
My Vertue shot too fast, and shaded all  
The Bramble Courtiers; therefore I must fall  
As one that rob'd 'em of the Royal Beams!  
But Winter Storms will fall again, and then  
They'll wish their Shelter standing — O my Heart!  
Those Beauties must belong to *Arviola*!  
*Arviola*! Hast thou forgot me too.

*Enter Arviola reading.*

*Arv.* Nor am to blame;  
Y<sup>e</sup> are so much alter'd now from what you were;  
An Angel fall'n cou'd take no change so foul.

*Theo.* Yes — I am fall'n indeed! most strangely alter'd!  
A few days since I triumph'd, was proclaim'd  
The States Deliverer; Virgins wreath'd in Flow'rs,  
Sung Hymns of Conquest, Infants lis'd my Praise;

G

The



The King, the King, smil'd on me, Fortune smil'd,  
*Arviola* smil'd — Where's now the dazzling Pomp?  
 The bright Scene's chang'd, the Heav'nly Dream with-drawn;  
 My Flags disperst, and all my Streamers drown'd.

*Arv.* Dispense with me thou nice and rig'rous Honour, [*Aside.*  
 This Penance is too much for Flesh to bear!  
 False as he is, I cannot see his Pain,  
 Yet am condemn'd to be his Torturer!

*Theo.* Fickle Maid,  
 Like *Venus* thou wer't wont to scatter Joys;  
 But now those Eyes have lost their healing Pow'r,  
 Shoot Pains, and like Malignant Planets strike!

*Arv.* Take on your self the Blame, if I disturb you,  
 I wou'd have past in Silence by.

*Theo.* Thou wou'd'st not!  
 I'll justify thee, ev'n against thy Self!

*Arv.* To prove what I affirm, I'll leave you now.

*Theo.* Then fickle Maid, thy Love was all a Mock!

*Arv.* The Gods will be my Witnesses, how much  
 I priz'd the brave, the valiant *Theocrin*;  
 The Conscious Gods will be my Witnesses,  
 How much the Traytor *Theocrin* I scorn.

*Theo.* Forbear, my Fame, rash Beauty! O take heed  
 How thou revild'st a Souldiers Loyalty!  
 Least Light'nings fall and finge thee Black as Moors.

*Arv.* This Conference is our last, and our Discourse  
 Has shot too far already — I have done.

*Theo.* What mute? This silence tortures me beyond  
 The sting of Slander; speak, though it be to curse me,  
*Arviola! Arviola! Arviola!*

O deaf as storms, to sinking Mariners!  
 Speak, I conjure thee by the spotless Joys  
 Of our stol'n Visits! by the friendly Bow'r,  
 Whose Shade was conscious to our mid-night Meeting.  
 Whil'st from the Jess'mine Roof the Dew distill'd,  
 And trickling from thy Brow perfum'd thy Tears!  
 Whil'st to correct the Vapours of the Night,  
 Officious Loves Celestial Perfumes breath'd,  
 And fann'd the Moon-beams, with more shining Wings:  
 By all those Nights! and that most friendly Night,  
 When to my ravish'd Ear you first confess'd  
 Your Love, and shot me through with trembling Joy!  
 The Stars flam'd brighter, and the Flow'rs breath'd forth  
 A warmer Fragrancy; the gloomy Grove  
 Approv'd our Vows, and at our Contract smil'd.

*Arv.*

*The Loyal General.*

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*Arv.* Oh ! O ! O !

*Theo.* Relentless still ? What shall I say ?

What sad Complaint assume 'r extort thy Pity ?

This posture can re-call the offended Gods !

Hear cruel Princess, 'tis not yet too late !

One balmy Tear and I am whole ! —

With-drawing ? — Can it be ?

Ha ! Wilt thou, can'st thou part and leave me thus

Grov'ling in Agony ! — Turn, turn, at least

To view my dying Pangs, and glut thy Sight

With the last Pantings of a broken Heart.

*[Here Arviola seems much discompos'd, but  
struggling her Disorder.]*

Ev'n yet thou art not quite with-drawn ! turn yet,

And leave with bleeding Love, the Charity

*[Ex. Arviola]*

Of one relenting Sight ! — She's gone ! retir'd,

Vanisht for ever from these closing Eyes.

Come Chaos now ! Resume thy horrid Reign ;

Blend Earth with Heav'n, the Elements confound,

And quench in Seas the fall'n Etherial Fires !

When Vertu's dead, 'tis time that Nature die ;

Wake *Theocrin* ! forsaken as thou art

Of all, thy Innocence stays with thee still !

Guards, to your Office, wreath me o'r in Chains,

And in the gloomiest Dungeon shroud me fast ;

When this is done, if my escape you fear,

The Graves the safest Prison, lodge me there.

*Enter Abardanes, Myrrhoc.*

*Ab.* Scarce can I credit what I've heard and seen ;

Approach thou subtilt of the subtle Sex :

Say, what Return, what Off ring shall I make

To thy immortal Wit — *Soffacles.*

*Enter Soffacles with Aribert.*

The change is wrought, a change more wonderful

Than of black Chaos into smiling Day.

G 2

*Soff.*

*Soff.* Your Servant *Aribert*, from *Thrace* arriv'd!  
With Letters of Importance.

*Ab.* Souldier welcome! [Opens the Letter and reads.  
Fly *Myrrhoe*, foment the Princess's rage,  
That no relenting Thought for *Theocrin*  
Surprize her Breast, and mar the noble Project.

[*Ex. Myrrh.*

Confusion! Torture! all my hopes are dash'd.  
Read *Soffacles*, my Royal Father's sick,  
And I am summon'd home to *Thrace* with speed:  
Aspiring *Sythrax* waits the Kings last hour,  
To seize the vacant Throne; and they inform me  
Our speediest return can scarce prevent him:  
What shall I do?

*Soff.* Your danger Sir instructs you;  
Your Fleet's in readiness, we'll sail to night.

*Ab.* And leave *Arviola*? —

*Enter Escalus.*

Now *Escalus*,  
If thou hast Policy produce it now,  
And make a Prince thy Friend; my Father dies  
And warns me hence, my Brother *Sythrax* takes  
Advantage of my Absence to Usurp;  
Shall I secure my Crown or Love?

*Efc.* Both Sir.

*Ab.* How my *Apollo*? O my panting Heart!

*Efc.* The means are obvious; bear *Arviola*  
By force aboard your Fleet, then sail for *Thrace*:  
The season gives you opportunity,  
Too morrow she attends the Sacred Rites,  
And Sacrifices at *Diana's Grove*.  
The Princess early with her Virgin Train,  
Sets forth to finish the preparing Ceremonies,  
Before the Court Arives; then you may seize her,  
For *Myrrhoe* shall seduce her through the Groves,  
Where you shall plant your Servants to surprize her.  
*Ab.* Most exquisite contrivance!  
We'll send immediate notice to our Fleet.

[*Ex. Ab. and Soff.*

*Enter*

*Enter Myrrhoc hastily.*

*Etc.* Where thus confusedly Sister?

*Myrr.* Where's the Prince?

*Etc.* What new Disaster?

*Myrr.* *Theocrin's* escap'd.

*Etc.* Escap'd!

*Myrr.* Rescu'd from the Guards,  
And born with violence from the Town.

*Etc.* By whom?

*Myrr.* 'Tis guest by the Officers, that from the Camp  
Attended him to the Court, for all were Masqu'd,  
Nor trusted to the Evenings Dusk.

*Etc.* Perdition;

This happens ill; but Fortune do thy worst,  
My ripe Designs are past the blasting now;  
Sister one day, one busie morrow more  
Crowns out Desires: Retire, and I'll inform you.  
I toil for Empire, now at Scepters fly,  
Resolv'd to force 'em or expire;  
And tho I perish in th' attempt,  
Even in the Grave, my Pomp, my Court I'll keep,  
And dream of Crowns in Deaths Eternal Sleep.

[*Ex.*

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ACT V.

SCENE, *A Desert.*

*Thunder.* *Enter Theocrin in the Tempest.*

*Theo.* **T**He Storm is hush'd, the Winds breath out their last;  
The Thunders too in feeble Volleys die;  
All Night they humour'd my Complaints; but now  
The Day intrudes, the dear Confusion's vanish'd,  
And all the ruffled Elements return

To

To their dull Order. Shroud thy hated Light,  
 Thou rising Sun, nor summon with such speed,  
 Th' or labour'd World to th' Toils of a new day!  
 Why flatter'd Mortals, will ye wake to Care,  
 When Sleep in kind Delusion may divert  
 Your pensive Minds with pleasing Images.  
 A Dream sets free the Captive, can restore  
 Lost Fields to Souldiers, and wreckt Merchants Wealth;  
 In Dreams the Exile Visits his dear home,  
 And o'r the sparkling Bowl relates at large  
 His past Distresses to his wond'ring Friends!  
 The lover too the sad forsaken Lover,  
 May dream and feign the falsest Mistress true.  
 O for a gentle Slumber, that wou'd thus  
 Delude my Griefs, and shew my Perjur'd Fair  
 Constant as once I thought her — Oh I rave,  
 For Sleep no more must seal these Lids; this Sun  
 May set and rise agen to his dull Round,  
 But see me tread Life's giddy Maze no more;  
 Perform thy work thou deadly Juice — 'Tis off.  
 That Death (by Nature so abhor'd) shoud be  
 As easily into our Vitals drawn,  
 As th' Air by which we live.

*[Drinks a Vial  
 of Poison.]*

*Enter Four or Five of the Officers.*

1. *Off.* I fear his discontent has made him stay,  
 Regardless of the Storm that rag'd too Night.

2. *Off.* We left him near these Cliffs.

3. *Off.* 'Twas  
 Rash to trust him with his Griefs alone.

4. *Off.* It was his own Resolve, which we  
 Obey'd with much Reluctance — O ye Gods!  
 See where he prostrate lies in the cold Dew,  
 With his bare Head expos'd to th' troubled Air.

*Theo.* Tyrant of Nature, I wou'd view thee near,  
 Thou Chief of Terrors, Death! a Form so horrid,  
 As even the Wretched shun: This brittle Glas  
 Contain'd that awful thing; the fatal Juice,  
 That turns my working Organs into Clay,  
 I cou'd even now have dash'd it on the Ground,  
 But let that pass.

1. *Off.* Rise Noble General;  
 We cometo seek you in the Armies Name.

*Theo.*



*Theo.* Nay, now my Friends you are too officious!

2. *Off.* O my dear Lord, I grieve to have found now!  
Why would you dare the Terrors of this Night?  
Such Lightnings, Wind and Rain —

*Theo.* Ha *Damocles*.

Was't not a merry Night, thou know'st I should  
Have been a Bridgroom now, and therefore 'twas  
The rev'ling Storm struck up to make me Musick;  
The Lightnings danc'd to entertain me — True,  
The Bride was absent, and the Bed was cold!  
But 'twas of Natures making, honest Rock,  
Or-spread with Moss.

3. *Off.* His Griefs I fear distract him.

*Theo.* Hark *Damocles*, a Secret, O my Boy,  
When I am Earth, remember thou wert warn'd  
To trust no Woman when she smiles, and when  
She weeps believe her less, least when she swears;  
But if she swear thee Love — Oh Wracks and Pangs!  
Why sirs d'ye gaze so wildly on me? — Ha!  
The Poison I perceive has touch'd my Brain!  
Come *Damocles*, let's talk no more of Women;  
Arms be our Theam, bright Arms — *Arviola*!  
Tell me of Arms, my Boy — *Arviola*!  
Of Battles, tatter'd Ensigns, bloody Bayes;  
Trophies and Triumphs — Oh *Arviola*!

4. *Off.* We must divert this Frensie.

*Theo.* Still they gaze!

My Senses then are going, let e'm go.  
O that my working Thoughts were once at rest,  
Still as fall'n Stars, or Streams bound up in Frost.

1. *Off.* Your Griefs shall be redrest; the Army waits  
For your Return, resolv'd to force your Right,  
And place you in the Imperial Bed and Throne.

*Theo.* Then you have weigh'd my Wrongs.

1. *Off.* We have, my Lord,  
And must resent your Suffering as our own.

*Theo.* Swear then to work the Army to my Will.

1. *Off.* We swear.

*Theo.* 'Tis well;

Know then 'twill most conduce to my Content,  
That you forget my Abuses from the Court,  
And spite of all my Wrongs be Loyal still!  
Nay sirs, seem not dissatisf'd, you've sworn  
Perform my last Request, for 'tis my last,  
I've taken Poison.

*The Loyal General.*3. *Off.* Horro!*Theo.* Infamy!

What Souldiers Tears, a few hours will reduce

This shaken Frame to its first Elements;

Part we like Soldiers without Ceremony:

I must devote my short remains of Life

To private Thoughts, and you must leave me all.

1. *Off.* At least permit us wait you to the Grave.

To fling our pining Lawrels on your Earth,

And give the Warriour's Volley o'r your Tomb.

*Theo.* I have my self to care for my Enterment.

The Hermite's Cave is near, where I'll unload me

Of this dull Earth; they'll decently bestow

This Lumber in some Vault by Nature fram'd,

Wrapt in no Sables, but of deepest Night;

No Pageantry, or more superfluous Trains

Of such as mourn for Hire, no Funeral Dirge,

But what the widdow'd Turtle shall afford me,

The Pomp that I despis'd in Life, in Death

I hold most vain; nor care to rot in State.

Farewel, commend me to our Valiant Troops,

And as ye wish my Ashes rest, be Loyal.

[*Ex. severally.*]SCENE, *The Hermites Cell.**A Tomb discovered, the Hermite's Consecrating it,  
Edrasse in Youths Apparel.*

1. *Herm.* Enough, the Tomb is hallow'd; all retire  
 To your respective Tasks, your chosen Toil;  
 Behold my Son this rude unpolisht Marble, (*To Edrasse.*)  
 The common Receptacle of our Dust,  
 When Fate shall summon our Obedient Spirits.  
 What Follows Death, the Dead alone can tell;  
 But to our Life of Rule and Discipline,  
 We owe at least, this certain Priviledge,  
 Calmly to wait the change, nor fear to die.

*Edr.* O peaceful Solitude!  
 Here all things smile, and in sweet Comfort joyn,

All but my Thoughts, that still are out of tune,  
And break, like jarring Strings, the Harmony.  
Why, cruel *Theocrin*, dost thou pursue me  
To these Retreats? For still thy Image wounds.

*Enter Theocrin.*

My panting Breast, and robs me of Repose,  
Tho lodg'd on Poppies by the murmuring Stream.  
Ha! is't the raving of my feverish Thought  
Or *Theocrin's* appears! Defend my Heart,  
Some kinder Pow'r, or undeceive my Eyes,

*Theo.* I feel the trusty Potion by degrees,  
Spread through my yielding Veins; my circling Blood,  
At length, will bear the Cordial to my Heart;  
As nearer to Eternity I coast,  
The Prospect grows more lovely — Here's the Cave,  
And I descry the Hermites working near;  
The neighb'ring Vale shall be my Walk;  
Till the prevailing Poison summon me  
To turn and yield this Earth to their disposal. *[Exit.]*

*Edr.* 'Tis he! the Royal Bridegroom wand'ring here  
Alone, Bare-headed, and with sorrowful Brow;  
Fortune, I fear, has wrought some dreadful change!  
I'll trust to my Disguise, and follow him;  
My Heart is on the Rack till I'm inform'd. *[Exit.]*

WOOD SCENE *agen.*

Arviola, Myrrhoe:

*Arviola drest as for the Sacrifice.*

*Arv.* Where *Myrrhoe*, wilt thou and Sorrow lead me?  
This Shade is dark, and silent to my wish,  
Here let me sit and breath my last complaints!  
He was the falsest of the treach'rous Sex;  
The falsest, and as such, my just Revenge  
Disdain'd his Pangs, when groveling at my Feet.

*Myr.* His Love was feign'd, and so was his Remorse,  
Where are these Ravishers, this was the time  
Design'd for the Adventure, this the place. *[Aside.]*

H

*Enter*

*Enter two Priests in Habits.*

*Arv.* Rise, we are summoned to attend the Altar ;  
 Speak, have ye sung your Mattins, hail'd the Grove,  
 And with the Victim trod the Sacred Round ?  
 Why stand ye thus fixt on each others Look,  
 As ye had some dire Message to deliver,  
 Whil'st each declines th' ungrateful Tale ; speak forth.

*1. Priest.* A better Fate attend our Greece, then what  
 The Omens of this Morning Rites presage ;  
 Which of us, has with guilty hands approach'd  
 The awful Ceremonies, is unknown ;  
 But our dread Goddess is displeas'd,  
 And thwarts our Work with boding Prodigies.

*Myrr.* 'Tis but the Old Mans Fear, the hallow'd Wine  
 Has touch'd his feeble Brain, and makes him rave.  
 Shall we retire, yet farther, Madam ?

*1. Priest.* The Virgin Taper thrice I did apply,  
 Before the Flame wou'd taste the melting Gums,  
 Nor then blaz'd prosperously, erect to Heav'n,  
 But scatt'ring, turn'd his conscious folds to Earth,  
 And rol'd his smoaky Globes along the Ground.

*Myr.* These Wizzards will mar all, to lose her thus, *[Aside.]*  
 When I've decoy'd her to the very Ginn.

*2. Priest.* The destin'd Bull in Garlands wreath'd, stood bound,  
 And turn'd his lowring Eyes upon the Attendants ;  
 Nor sooner had the blushing Wine distain'd  
 His snowy Brow, but rearing high in Air,  
 He shook the yielding Cords from his curl'd Front,  
 O'r-threw the Altar, tost the Golden Pile,  
 And forcing through the scatter'd Priests his way,  
 Ran with high Nostrils, Bellowing through the Grove.

*Arv.* Return, and Consecrate the Place anew,  
 With mournful Cypress bind your Pensive Brows,  
 And prostrate falling on the Sacred Ground,  
 Each Vow his Innocence before the Altar ;  
 Then cast the Lots to find the Offender out.  
*[Ex. Priest.]*  
 O Virgin Goddess, if this Breast indulge  
 One secret Guilt, turn all thy Rage on me,  
 And let thy Priestess bleed thy Sacrifice !  
 Else let me live with fall'n *Edraspe's* shame ;  
 My fond Heart, be agen seduc'd to Love :  
 Deceiv'd agen — Assassins, Treason ! Help.

*The Loyal General.*

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*Enter Escalus Masqu'd, with others.*

*Efc.* Seize her, Confederates, seize your Royal Prize.

*Arv.* Help Heav'n, Rocks, Groves, *Diana* help!

*Efc.* Soft, Madam, we are Friends, design no Wrong,  
But come to bear you to a Lover's Arms.

*Arv.* Off Traytor! Light'ning blast  
Thy Sacrilegious Hands.

*Efc.* Quick Sirs, convey her to the Prince's Chariot,  
That waits without the Grove, thence to the Fleet;  
And in the Court of *Thrace* expect her Thanks.

*Enter from the other side Theocrin's Officers.*

4. *Off.* The Cry came this way — See! The Princess seiz'd  
By Ravishers, ev'n in her sacred Robes.

[*Fight. Whilst they are engag'd, Arv. Myrrh. run off,  
Myrrh. Wounded; the Officers beat the others off.*]

2. *Off.* The Fiends are Vanisht, where's the Princess?

3. *Off.* Fled off in Fight.

2. *Off.* Disperse we strait; you *Damocles* return  
To the General, and inform him what has happened;  
You *Phorbis* to the King, the rest search for the Princess.

[*Ex.*]

*Re-enter Escalus unmasqu'd.*

*Efc.* Curse on the Coward Slaves, they fought like Women;  
Not Wolves more tamely wou'd resign their Prey  
To Lion: How shall I excuse  
This foul Defeat, to the expecting Prince?  
The Prince? Hell! that's the least Difficulty:  
How shall I answer to the King this Treason?  
Hard-hunted, as I am, I've one shift yet,  
And that a sure one: I'll with speed inform  
The King, of this Design to seize *Arviola*:  
Charge all the Guilt upon the Prince, pretend  
The Plot was frustrated by my Contrivance,  
Then when the Intelligence comes, the King  
Shall thank me for my Villany, perhaps

H 2

Reward



Reward me too; thus cautious Sailors quit  
The sinking Ship, and rowing off to shore,  
Enrich themselycs with the wreck'd Merchants Wealth.

[Exit

*Theocrin and Edraffe.*

*Theo.* Leave me fond Youth, why wilt thou follow me?  
I'm Savage as a *Sylvan*, and unfit  
For thy soft Conversation; prethee leave me!

*Edr.* Forgive a Strangers Rudeness, Sir, excuse  
A charitable Crime; say you are happy,  
And for some pleasing Contemplation seek  
This Solitude; convince me with a smile  
And I'll retire.

*Theo.* Believe me happy then  
And leave me.

*Edr.* Wherefore then that troubled Sigh?

*Theo.* Pretty Impertinence, no more Inquiries;  
But since thy Curiosity is such,  
Know I am wretched to that sad degree,  
That Fiends might pity me, and therefore leave me.

*Edr.* 'Tis therefore I would follow.

*Theo.* Thou art Young,  
And Grief's infectious; get thee to Court,  
and revel out thy Youth; Sorrow will come  
Unsought, and poyson thy Delights too soon.  
Besides, thou'rt Beautiful and form'd for Dalliance;  
Therefore to Court, there practice ev'ry Wile  
To charm the Fair; none scape thy Flattery;  
But Youth take heed that it be Flattery.  
For should'st thou be sincere in thy Addresses,  
Give up thy Heart, and trust thy Happiness  
To a Woman's Mercy, thou'rt lost for ever.

*Edr.* Then all almy Fears are just, and Destiny  
Has play'd most fowl;

[Aside.

*Arviola* is chang'd, or he abus'd.

*Theo.* Thou weep'st! What mean those Tears, I did but speak  
Of disappointed Love, and thou art touch'd!  
Is't possible that thy soft Innocence,  
So early, shou'd be Martyr'd by the scorn  
Of any cruel she!  
Then I am still to learn in Woman's Falshood,  
And my fair Cous'ner yet may be a Saint,

Com-

*The Loyal General.*

53

Compared to the rest of her deluded Sex.  
Yes, false *Arviola*, when I descend,  
And to the lower World report my Love,  
I'll do thy Fame the Right, to say,  
There was one more inhumane Maid than thou!

*Enter Damocles.*

*Dam.* Your Pardon, my best Lord, that I transgress  
Your last Commands, the occasion is surprizing;  
Your fair *Arviola*, with her Maiden Train,  
This Morning came to attend the Annual Rites  
Of Great *Diana's* Altar in the Grove:  
On our Return we found the Princess seiz'd  
By *Russians*, whom we soon o'rcome,  
But lost her in the hurry of the Fight —  
Behold, my Lord, three of their scatter'd Crew  
Flying this way.

*Theo.* False, tho she be, yet some Revenge is due  
To injur'd Beauty and a Princess Name.  
Stand Traytors.

*[Fight. The Assassins are Slain, Edrasse Wounded.]*

How fares my gentle Boy.

*Edr.* The friendly Steel  
Has pierc'd my aking Heart, and giv'n me ease.

*Theo.* Ha! Wounded! We have bought the Villains Lives  
Too dear; help *Damocles*.  
Yo bear him to the Cell.

*[Ex.]*

*Enter King Attended, - Esc. Ther. Diph.  
Priests brought in by the Guards.*

*King.* Disperse and search each Thicket of the Forrest;  
And as your forfeit Heads shall answer for't,  
Return not to our Presence till y'ave found her.

*[Ex. Attend.]*

Stand forth, ye reverend Hypocrites, confess  
When, where, for what you barter'd, to betray  
Your Monarch's Daughter? Hell! I am too cold!  
Produce her Traytors, set her in my Sight,  
Restore her to my Arms this minute, or  
Your pamp'rd Flesh shall on the Rack be torn,

And

And scatter'd piece-meal on this hallow'd Ground.

*Etc.* This is the Musick that I long'd to hear;  
King, y'are too tame, rage louder yet; Ha! Ha!  
How vain a Creature were the plotting Knave,  
But for the credulous Fool?

[*Aside.*

*King.* Slaves, must I twice command, e'r I am answer'd?

*2. Priest.* By all the Pow'rs, by Great *Diana's* Self,  
And your own Sacred Head, we are innocent.

*King.* They sport with my Revenge, quick, drag 'em hence  
To present Death; nor shall th'ingrateful Prince  
Our Vengeance shun: he comes, make ready Guards  
To seize him, he shall bleed.

*Ther.* Dread Sir, consider.

*Enter Abardanes, speaking to his Attendants.*

*Ab.* O'r-pow'r'd? Excuse it not, 'twas Cowardise;  
Retire, I must to the King, least he suspect.

*King.* Disarm him.

*Ab.* I am betray'd,  
Basely you have surpriz'd us; give me room,  
Slaves know the Prince, nor with your Vassal Hands  
Profane my Royalty — What! Servile Chains!  
I'll not endure.

*Etc.* Now the Chast Lion foams.

*Ab.* I charge thee King release me, by thy Sceptre,  
Thy Head, thy Empire, which my *Thracian* Troops  
Shall drown in Blood, and waste with Vengeful Fire.

*King.* We dare thy worst, ingrateful, barb'rous Prince,  
That could'st abuse our Hospitality,  
And plot a Rape upon a Royal Maid.

*Ab.* Why then did she not Love? What I design'd  
Was gen'rous all; and thou should'st thank me, King,  
That of thy Dignity I took such care,  
To force thy Daughter to my Princely Arms,  
That on a Vassal else, a Subject Slave,  
Had lost her Crown and Beauty; and corrupted  
Th'untainted Blood of Monarchs!

*King.* Bear him off;  
Come to my Heart, thou faithful *Escallus*;  
With what Return shall I reward thy Vertue!  
Our Army we commit to thy Command,  
Be thou our Gen'ral in false *Theocrin's* stead,  
And meet the shock of War, this Prince has threaten'd.

Whom

Whom bring ye there?

*Diph. Att.* Dread Sir, A Forrester,  
That says, he saw but now a Lady fly  
In fright to the Hermite's Cave.

*King.* 'Twas my *Arviola*, lead thither.

[*Ex. All.*

## *The CAVE.*

*Theocrin and Damocles bearing in Edrasfe.*

*Theo.* Now *Damocles* Fly and call the *Hermites* in,  
Their Art will bring Relief; take Heart, my Boy.

*Edr.* I Die, my Lord, and with my latest Breath  
Will speak of Wonders; now my Stars are kind,  
And for my past Griefs make too large Amends,  
Since in your dear Embrace I do expire;  
I am *Edrasfe*.

*Theo.* This indeed is wond'rous.

*Edr.* Deaths Paleness will forbid my Blushes now;  
If I confess that I have lov'd you long,  
But with a Flame as Chaste as Vestal Fire;  
Or may no Pious Garland crown my Tomb,  
But Virgins shun it as unhallow'd Ground.

*Enter Arviola in Fright.*

*Arv.* Where shall I hide? O for an Earthquake now  
To sink me from these Ravishers — Whose there?

*Theo.* Speak my *Edrasfe*, end thy charming Tale,  
For I wou'd Die convinc'd, there can be Truth  
In Woman's Love.

*Arv.* *Edrasfe* in Disguise with *Theocrin*,  
In close Embraces joyn'd I My Eyes too long  
Are guilty, but the sacred Portyard thus  
Shall expiate the Offence; Eternal Night  
Remove the hated Object from my view.

[*Stabs her self.*

*Theo.* She's gone, and in her Cheeks  
A scatter'd Purple smies,  
Like streaks of Sun-shine from a Setting Day:  
My Fate comes next, the sure-flow Poison now  
Preys on my Vitals — Ha! what Heavenly Form  
Sits there? Bright Vision, turn — *Arviola*!

*Arv.* O Gods, those ruffled Locks, and that wan Look,

Against my Honour plead in his behalf,  
But 'tis a Woman's Weakness, and I'll crush it.

*Theo.* It cannot be! Not Woman's Cruelty  
Can swell to that Excess, to persecute  
Her poor forsaken Lover to his Cave;  
To tear his closing Wounds, and wake  
His slum'ring Griefs into a fresh Despair.  
Is this the tenderness of Beauty, this  
The Weeping Sexe's Mercy? Oh! *Arviola!*

*Arv.* With what divided Passions am I torn!  
Stream faster sluggish Blood and give me ease!

*Theo.* That so condemn'd a Thing as I, thou'd e'er  
Create your Highness Trouble, were unjust,  
But Princess you'll excuse me: that I lov'd you,  
I do confess, but wore my Flames conceal'd  
And silent, as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,  
Sigh'd only to my self and to the Winds,  
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the distant Crowd:  
Your self at last perceiv'd my drooping care,  
And forc'd the trembling Secret from my Breast,  
Which with my Life I render'd at your Feet:  
Then — I remember — Oh! the panting Minute —

*Arv.* That panting Minute I remember too!

*Theo.* You rais'd me by the bloodless Hand from Ground, *[Aside.*  
With such obliging Tenderness, secur'd  
My trembling Hopes, that next I sunk with joy!  
But (Oh the Torture!) this transporting Scene  
Was but a gawdy Dream, and wak'd with Storms,  
Here on cold Earth the flatter'd Dreamer lies.

*Arv.* Tempt not the Gods too far, those Gods that know  
The Falseness of your Love: yet O thrice Happy,  
If here your Crimes had fixt, but to Corrupt  
A Royal Maid — The fowl Thought strikes me Dumb,  
I leave your Guilt to interpret — Oh *Edrasse!*

*Theo.* Take heed, Licentious Fair! Thy perjur'd Love  
Was but thy Sexe's Sin, a Crime of Nature,  
But to Blaspheme the Vertue of the Dead,  
Will wrest from the forbearing Gods their Thunder.

*Arv.* Ha! Dead! Each Minute draws fresh Wonders on.

*Enter Myrrhoc Bloody.*

*Myr.* The Princess must perceive that I betray'd her,  
Perhaps this Cave will hide me from the Search.

*Theo.* Hast Thou too brought thy Raven's Note to afflict me?

*Myrr.*



*Myr.* Gods! *Theocrin* Pale! *Arviola* Bloody, and *Edraffe* Dead;  
Then Furies lash me with your Scorpion Whips;  
Give me the Torments of th' Eternal Damnd;  
*Promethæus*, *Valture*, and *Ixion's* Wheel.

*Arv.* Alas, what mean those dreadful Execrations?

*Myr.* My Breath grows short, but shall suffice t' unfold  
Such Treasons, as will fright the Depths of Hell;  
For whilst the Plotting *Escalus* accus'd  
This gen'rous Lord of Treason to the King,  
As falsely I abus'd his Love to you,  
Taxt him of wanton Dalliance with *Edraffe*,  
Who from the Court retreated, to divert  
Th' Ambitious Queens Designs on both your Lives:  
Thus were you wrought to treat him with Disdain,  
At his return from Field.

*Theo.* The Truth, the Truth as thou shalt meet the Gods.

*Arv.* For thy Souls sake, the Truth and I forgive thee.

*Myr.* At last, Brib'd by the Prince, I undertook  
To tempt you through the Groves, till the *Assassins*  
Might seize and bear you to the *Thracian* Fleet;  
But (unexpectedly engag'd) i'th' Fight  
I met th' unluckly Wound that gives me Death,  
By the dark Pow'rs that wait for my Descent.  
This is most true, as true as I was false,  
Or let my Pains, through circling Ages last,  
Nor Time expiring, see my Torments done. [Dies.]

*Theo.* and *Arv.* attempt to Rise, but (wanting Strength)  
on their Hands and Knees, get to each other.

*Theo.* O bounteous Pow'rs! O balmy healing Joy!  
Pride of thy Sex, Imperial Excellence,  
My still Beloved, still Loving, True *Arviola*.

*Arv.* Can you forgive my Lord my rash Disdain?  
You must, for I was punish'd in the Crime,  
Ev'n then (cou'd you have seen my Heart)  
You wou'd confess that your *Arviola*  
Was ne'r so passionate kind.

*Theo.* Let me in haste —  
Devour those Sweets, and load me with thy Bloom,  
A Stock to feed on in Eternity.

*Arv.* O that some pitying God wou'd fix us thus  
(To solid Marble turn'd) Eternal Statues,  
Whilst Pious Lovers flock from farthest Lands,  
To hear the wondrous Chances of our Loves;  
And thence be taught what'r Disasters fall,

Ne'r to despair of Passion that is true.

*Theo.* My Feeling fails, but ah what purple Dew  
Distinguishes this Hand that prest thy panting Heart?

*Arv.* Thank the Good Gods, 'tis my Life-Blood, my Lord,  
I faint; my *Theocris*, but one thing more  
Tell me, if we shall love i'th' other World?

*Theo.* 'Twill be our Business, 'tis the Land of Love.

*Arv.* And without Jealousie.

*Theo.* Their Paradise knows no such poisonous Weed;  
Their Loves are as their Streams, full, calm, and clear;  
Secure and free they pass their harmless hours,  
Gay as the Birds that revel in the Groves,  
And sing the Morning up.

*Arv.* Farewel.

*Theo.* She's gone!  
And charms me after.

[*Dies Both.*]

*Enter Theron, Diphilus, Guards, Attendants, Her-  
mite, King and Escalus, in the middle of Train.*

*Ther.* Confusion! *Diphilus* see the Princess slain  
in *Theocris's* Arms, more bloodless Corpses too,  
To fill the ghastly Scene — Dread Sir, Retire;  
Such Horror fills this Cave, as will congeal  
Your Aged Blood, and blast your Royal Sight.

*King.* Why do your Knees prevent me; sink in Earth  
And give Passage: Where's the Goblin now  
That should appall me? Ha! My *Arviola* dead.  
And in the Traytor's Arms!  
Fate thou hast struck me home, but struck thy last.  
Here fell my only Comfort, only Care.  
Haste, set the Prince at large.

*Esc.* 'Twas my sole fear, least *Myrrhoe* should discover,  
And Death has ty'd her Tongue; there's that breach stop't.

*King.* Rob'd of my Heirs; be all my Witnesses  
How timely for my Empire I provide,  
Behold this Man of Worth, and know him all [Presenting *Escalus*.]  
For our Adopted Son and Heir of Greece;  
Bow all to Earth and do him present Homage.

*Esc.* Thus, gracious Sir, thus prostrate at your Feet,  
Your Vassal begs you to revoke your Favour;  
I am th' unworthiest —

*King.* Rise, our Pleasure's fixt, Slaves is our Will disputed.

*All.* Hail Heir of Greece, Hail Royal *Escalus*.

[*Enter Messenger with Letters.*]

*Diph.* Way there, a Message to the King.

*King.*

King. What bring'st thou?

Mess. Great Sir, your Queen disdain'd her Confinement,  
Took Poison, but enjoin'd me e'r she dy'd,  
To bear these Papers to your Royal Hand.

King. O Dephs of Villany! Guards seize that Fiend. [Pointing  
to Esc.

Esc. What means my gracious Lord.

King. See here, my Lords, what will amaze you too!  
Our Empress, by that Escalus detected,  
Liv'd but to take Revenge on the Discoverer;  
And to effect it, made pretence of Forces,  
Rais'd by her Brother to invade this Empire,  
Which this Designing Lord was to command;  
And these his Letters in Return; where he  
Accepts her Terms! To Death with the Impostor.

Esc. That Breath that doom'd me be thy last, weak Monarch;  
But King, know thou, and these (but now) my Slaves,  
That for that minutes Pride, that single Taste  
Of Royal Pow'r, for that one Hail, I'd meet  
The worst of Deaths thy feeble Rage can form.

[Ex. Born off by

King. My Lord, I trust your Care to see just Rites the Guards.  
Perform'd to these dead Bodies; my next charge  
(And that my last) is, that you summon streight  
Our Senate, and by fair Election crown  
Our Successor; for my own private part  
I have determin'd what the Gods inspire:  
Reach me a Hermite's Habit.

Ther. Now I find  
His rash Resolve, but durst not interpose.

[King kneeling, takes a Hermite's Vestment in his hand kisses,  
then shifting his Robes of State, puts it on,

King. How light sits this! And thus have I put off,  
With the Imperial Robes, Imperial Cares.  
Thus after all my Storms of Court, I make  
My last Retreat to the Gods and Poverty.  
Here as the Sanctions of this Cell, shall bind  
By turns, I'll wait, and in my Course be King.  
Here Lust wants Fewel, and Ambition starves,  
My temper'd Appetites shall here be taught,  
To ask Council of my Reason e'r they crave:  
Here just but temperate Meals, short Sleeps and sound,  
Shall cheer me for the Labours of the Day:  
Thus Life's well manag'd Remant will I spend,  
And when the Gods shall lease, resign my Breath  
Calmly, as Infants sleep, and smile on Death.

F I N I S.

# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by

Mrs. Currer.

**Y**<sup>O</sup>U R humble Servant Gentlemen—How d'ye,  
I faith I've broke my Prison Walls to see ye;  
Must I be cloyster'd up? Dull Poet stay,  
I hate Confinement tho' but in a Play.  
Doom me to a Nun's Life?—A Nun! Oh Heart!  
The Name's so dreadful, that it makes me start!  
No! Tell the Scribbling Fool I'm just as fit  
To make a Nun as he to make a Wit.  
What? A-la-mort Messieurs? Nay then I'll sit ye  
Adieu! I faith no Epilogue for Betty!  
And yet, shame on my Foolish Womans Heart,  
I fain wou'd see ye smile before we part.  
You know how oft, like preaching Sisters, we  
Have from the Stage Lectur'd your Vanity;  
Yet like those Sisters, out o'th' Preaching Mood,  
You have surpriz'd and found us Flesh and Blood!  
Well, if your stubborn Hearts will not dissolve,  
Prepare to bear our fatal last Resolve;  
Since Sense has broke us, henceforth shall be shewn  
The Feats of Robbin Hood and Little John,  
With the thrice fam'd Exploits of Whittington! }  
Grave Vergers then in your lewd steads shall sit,  
A Fur and Scarlet Audience crowd our Pit.  
For, like your Misses, we are forc'd to quit ye,  
And make our last Dependance on the City.

